

BRITANNIA

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No. 29



The Man of the Moment.

BY Monday evening the country will know the best—or worst. And it will fall to the lot of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C., C.H., to break the news in the House of Commons.

Budget secrets are jealously guarded; until the morning of its introduction none save the Chancellor and the Prime Minister knows what its provisions are. On Monday morning the secrets will be divulged to the Cabinet, in the afternoon to the House of Commons and so by the Press to the Public.

In spite of the secrecy which is necessarily maintained with regard to

the provisions of the Finance Bill—the official name for the Budget—a certain amount of intelligent anticipation may be indulged in by those in touch with Parliamentary affairs. Certain government departments are known to have been engaged in providing the Treasury with data, and from this it is assumed that these departments will be affected in the financial provisions for the coming year. It is known, for instance, that enquiries have been made at the G.P.O., and that weight tests have been made with letters. The possibility of a return to penny post for letters up to 1 oz. is therefore envisaged.

Great hopes are entertained that

there will be a reduction in the inflated income tax, a levy which was originally introduced as a temporary war-time measure and was infinitesimal by comparison with the present infliction. The suggestion is that the small and medium income-earner will benefit.

Another “intelligent anticipation” is that there will be “breakfast table” concessions, and tea and sugar are mentioned as being ear-marked by the Chancellor for kindly consideration. But all these secrets are locked in the breast of Mr. Churchill, who spent a profitable Easter week enjoying one of his favourite hobbies—that of bricklaying.

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Horses and HORSE POWER

By
Major-General
Sir Frederick Maurice

The whole tendency of military mechanisation is towards the increased mobility of every fighting arm. In mechanisation of the army, we are at present ahead of any nation in the world.

UNDER the prudent guidance of Field-Marshal Sir George Milne, the mechanisation of the Army is proceeding steadily. Another famous cavalry regiment, the 12th Lancers, is to follow the lead of the 11th Hussars, and exchange horses for horse power, hay for petrol. The experimental armoured force, which has been testing new machines and new methods, has disappeared, and there are now two mechanised brigades at Aldershot, and one on Salisbury Plain. The controversies which normally accompany experiments have died down, and the military authorities are proceeding sanely and soberly along a definite road to a definite goal.

The mechanisation of military forces has been going on far longer than most people realise. It is an inevitable process, which is following, naturally, the general trend of our social life. We are all of us becoming more and more dependent upon machines for movement, and the Army is engaged in adapting this development to its special purposes. The applications of science and mechanics to life generally affect war far more than do changes of weapons.

It was the network of railways which covered Europe, the improvement in the number and quality of roads, the application of the internal combustion engine to road transport, which enabled armies numbering millions to be put in the field in the Great War, while the progress of medical science made it possible to keep these millions together for years in reasonably good health. None of these developments was designed for the purposes of war, and yet it was because of them that war took an unprecedented form. The tendency of armies is to follow great social developments. The French Revolution was political, yet it caused vast changes in the nature and conduct of war, the mechanical revolution of our lives is now having similar consequences.

BEFORE THE GREAT WAR.

FORTUNATELY for us, the mechanisation of our military forces began before the Great War. In the year 1910, we mobilised a division at Aldershot complete with all its horse transport, and the sight of the lumbering mass of vehicles crawling behind the troops and congesting the roads was a revelation. If that was the result of mobilising a division, what would happen when we came to mobilising an army? Industry had already adopted the motor lorry, and there was just time to follow its lead and mechanise our supply services before the war came.

If we had relied entirely upon horse transport in August, 1914, it is very doubtful whether we could have got away from Mons. Mechanised transport enabled us to clear the roads quickly behind the fighting troops, and yet to supply them with their needs. Even so, we were behind the times.

A great deal of unnecessary suffering was caused to the wounded because we did not at once introduce motor ambulances; there were still doubts as to the reliability of the internal combustion engine in war. Our ammunition supply was horse drawn; the ammunition parks, drawn by splendid teams of Clydesdales, moved slowly miles behind the army and eventually settled down, late in 1914, in a pleasant village near St. Omer, whence it never moved till it disappeared to give place to the inevitable lorry. By the time the war was a year old, the supply and ammunition services of the army, except those actually with the fighting troops, had been entirely mechanised.

The mechanisation of the fighting troops also began early. It first appeared on the German side when the huge Austrian howitzers crushed the forts of Namur. Those great engines of destruction could not have been brought into action by any horses. Soon tractor-drawn artillery became a commonplace in every army. On the side of the Allies the earliest use of mechanical transport for fighting purposes was the appearance of Gallieni's famous taxi-cabs, during the battle of the Marne.

The French quickly followed this experiment by organising columns of motor 'buses for the movement of troops, and some



"Somewhere in Wiltshire." A "Tankette" crossing some rough country.

of these were used by us in October, 1914, when we were transferring our army from the Aisne to Flanders. A few months later we had our own 'buses, a fact of which we are reminded every Armistice Day, when "Old Bill" solemnly marches past the Cenotaph.

POWER OF MOBILITY.

EVERY one of these developments had the same object—to increase the mobility of fighting power. Mobility is and always has been the chief element in successful generalship. Forrest, a famous leader of Confederate cavalry in the American Civil War, when asked by a lady to what he owed his success, answered:—"Mum, I got there first with the mostest men," and that is the real aim and object of mechanisation, if, in these days, we substitute fire power for men.

There seemed a little time ago to be some danger that this aim would be obscured. The tank enthusiasts tried to convince us that their weapon was on the way to solving all the problems of war. They painted for us vivid pictures of the land battleship of the future crashing its way through every obstacle, crossing rivers and even seas, all powerful, irresistible.

The tank was the most original weapon evolved during the Great War. It rendered us inestimable services. It enabled surprise, another of the supreme elements of generalship, to be re-introduced, when trench warfare had threatened its disappearance. It is a purely British invention, it is right that we should be proud of it, and the enthusiasm of the tank experts is natural and commendable. But the whole experience of war shows that reliance upon one particular weapon is dangerous.

It is never possible to test weapons thoroughly in times of peace, and when war comes,



Fortunately for us the mechanisation of our military forces began before the War. The picture shows a self-propelled gun mounting, carrying an 18-pounder.

the usual experience is, either that some difficulties which have not been foreseen arise, or that some answer has been found to the weapon in which trust has been placed. The experience of the war showed that, invaluable as the tank was, it had limitations, and the experiments which have been carried out since the war show also that, great as have been the improvements in the speed and power of tanks, improvements which there is no reason to suppose are at an end, there are still many of the problems of war which the tank cannot solve by itself.

PROTECTION OF ARMOUR.

THE cry, "back to armour," was vigorously raised not long ago. It met with a ready response from minds in which the memory of the results of exposing "the bare breasts of brave men" to the fire of machine guns protected by wire entanglements or esconced in concrete pill boxes was very vivid. Armour is, of course, a very valuable form of protection, and if results are to be obtained in war, a just balance must be held between protection and striking power.

The most vital mistake which the French made, in 1914, was that they did not hold that balance true, and they were worsted in August, 1914, because the Germans had a better conception than they had of how to hold that balance. But it is just as wrong to over-emphasise protection as it is to over-emphasise offence, and there appeared to be at one time a danger that we were tending that way.

We have to guide us the long story of the struggle in the Navy between armour and shell, and if that struggle were to be repeated on land, the tank would start with a far greater handicap than the ship. The difficulties of surmounting the problems of weight and friction on land are, beyond comparison, greater than they are at sea, and the probabilities are that the tank would be worsted in the struggle if left to itself.

Fortunately, saner views have prevailed and there is clear evidence from recent developments that our military authorities see that while the tank is now and probably will for a long time be a most important adjunct to an army, mechanisation does not mean that all our army is to be put into armoured boxes. What we are now seeking is the mobility of power which will be flexible and adaptable to very varied conditions, and that is, in my judgment, the wisest course for us to take.



The horse will not disappear from the army, there are still many things the horse can do better than any motor-propelled vehicle.

Next Week's BRITANNIA.

Among other contributions next week's issue of BRITANNIA will contain—

Lord Birkenhead

on

A Topic of the Week.

Sir Herbert Samuel

on

The Coal Industry.

Lt.-Commander the Hon. J. M.

Kenworthy, M.P.

on

The Mercantile Marine.

CAVALRY STILL USEFUL.

IT is not an easy course for us to follow, for we have to provide an organisation and equipment for our army which will be suitable for more varied conditions of climate and country than confront any other power in the world.

The solution of this problem has been made easier for us by the development of air power, which is on the way to being able to tackle quickly and effectively native risings in wild places, to reach which with an army would require months of elaborate preparation.

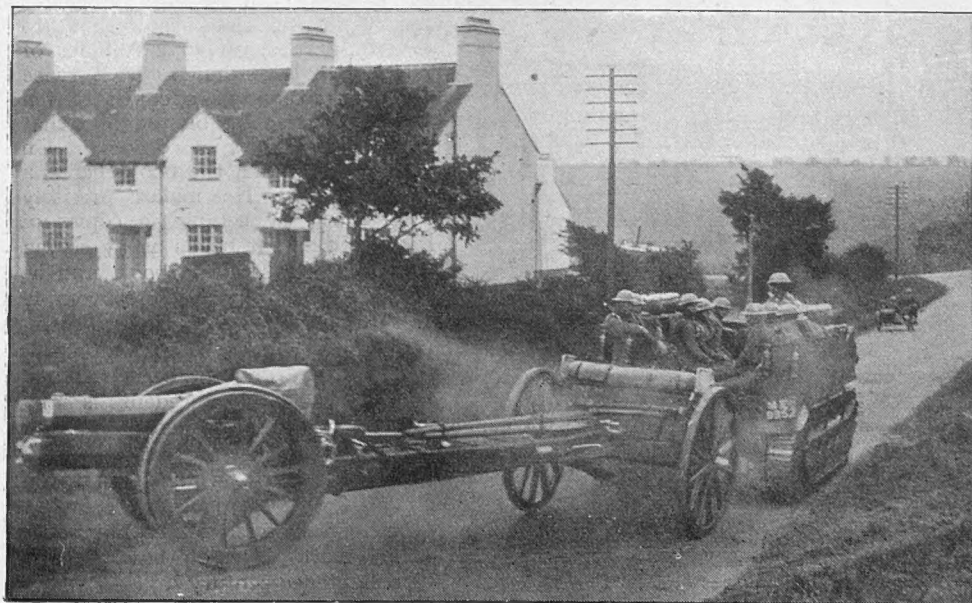
The small war of the Victorian era is tending to disappear. Nevertheless, we may have to fight under a great variety of conditions, and for those conditions we have to be as ready as our means allow. I do not believe that cavalry is about to disappear from our army. There are many things required in war which cavalry men can still do better than any form of armoured vehicle yet invented. The horse has not yet disappeared from industry. Go to the Docks of London, or of Liverpool, and you will find the dray horse still employed, because the horse-drawn vehicle can still do certain kinds of work better than the motor. The same thing applies to the army, and the horseman will be found in armies for many years to come.

Nor will the infantryman disappear, but he is tending and will tend to become more and more a motor-transported machine gunner and less and less a foot-slogging rifleman. Mechanised transport has assured him a practically unlimited supply of ammunition, and the rate at which he fires it off has ceased to be a matter of prime concern. The 'bus, in one form or another, will tend to be for him a normal means of movement. Tractor-drawn artillery has established itself, and its development is now primarily a question of finance.

In short, the whole tendency of this process of military mechanisation is towards endowing very varied forms of power with a greatly increased mobility. As a great manufacturing country, we have everything in our favour in following this line of development, and at the present time we are on this line ahead of any other army in the world.

It should be our purpose to continue the line of development which had its origin in the mechanical, for the efficiency of all armies of the future will depend almost entirely upon machines, adapted to the purposes of war.

Lord Birkenhead's article is unavoidably held over until next week's issue of BRITANNIA



Heavy guns hauled by caterpillar tractors on their way to the field of action.

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

A Critical Survey of Current Events

THE British Industrial Delegation at present in Moscow owes its existence largely if not entirely to the pertinacity of Mr. Ernest Remnant, who is not only a business man himself but also the editor of the "English Review" and a close student of foreign politics. Before he left, Mr. Remnant told me something of the difficulties he had in overcoming official opposition to his proposals.

But the figures given to the Delegation of the decline of British trade (though the total Soviet imports actually increased) between 1925 and 1928 should convince anyone of the folly of our present attitude. The figures are as follows:—Out of a total of imports valued at 674 million roubles in 1925, 18.6 per cent. came from Great Britain; out of 820 million roubles' worth of imports in 1928 5.5 came from Great Britain.

If Mr. Ernest Remnant can succeed in securing guarantees from the Soviet Government which will enable us to stop this loss of trade to Germany and America he will have done good service. And if an arrangement can be reached (and approved) before the General Election, the result may be far-reaching. Election forecasters should "watch Russia."

Better News from the Coalfields.

IT is curious how amid all the talk about remedies for unemployment, people have lost interest in unemployment itself. Yet it may well be, and is indeed very probable, that the facts will do more to determine the result of the election than the remedies.

In the mines, for instance, there are to-day 933,000 men employed on full time, as opposed to 894,500 on December 1st. If, as there is some good reason to anticipate, unemployment is really substantially decreasing, the number of electors who will be willing to take immense risks to cure an evil already in visible process of being cured, may be much smaller than most people think likely to-day.

People are apt to forget, moreover, that unemployment to-day is largely localised. In four-fifths of the constituencies there is actually less unemployment than at any time during this century, the war years alone excepted.

The Toll of the Roads.

KILLED 6,138, wounded 164,839. This reads like a cold, cruel, statistician's summary of the losses in a desperate campaign. The figures are, in fact, substantially in excess of our casualties in the whole three years of the South African war, but they do not refer to any new war being secretly waged by unrepentant militarists. They are merely the casualties inflicted by motorists on pedestrians in the year 1928.

It is curious to note that no single internationalist or pacifist of repute has raised a protest against the odious complacency with which the law regards this wholesale slaughter. The fiction that the pedestrian is at fault is thin, but I suppose it will have to wear thinner before the human instincts of people who will

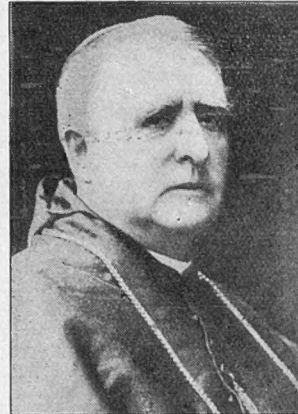
orate to their last breath against any form of militarism likely to land them in financial loss are aroused to protest against this daily sacrifice to the gods of speed. For such it is.

If any of my readers try to cross Birdcage Walk in the morning or evening—and mark you, there is supposed to be a ten-mile speed limit in force—they will have to run for their lives, or stay where they are. I watched only yesterday thirty-five cars pass by in a minute, and not ones slowed down even appreciably at the sight of people in the middle of the road waiting to cross. Finally I ran, and was lucky enough to run fast enough. So I suppose I ought to be grateful. But I fear I am not.

An English Cardinal.

THE death of Cardinal Gasquet deprives the Sacred College of one of its two English members and the Athenæum of one of its two Cardinals. Since Cardinal Manning's portrait adorns at least two rooms of the Athenæum that august institution can at least claim to be impartial in its partiality for ecclesiastics.

The late Cardinal was, of course, as unlike Manning as any man could be. He was a scholar first and foremost, and one of the leading authorities on religious life in pre-Reformation England. As the champion of the old English monasteries against the charges levelled at them by Froude and others, he was naturally rather suspect, but only to the general body of readers. His scholarship was never seriously in dispute, and when a presentation was made to him in 1924, Englishmen of all creeds joined in it. His services as unofficial spokesman at the Vatican in the early months of the war, before we had an official minister to the Holy See, were considerable.



Cardinal Gasquet, the famous Cardinal, who died last week at the age of 82. He was a great scholar and one of the foremost authorities on the religious life in pre-Reformation England.

An Interesting Election.

ONE of the most interesting contests of the General Election should be at Wrexham, where the sitting member, Mr. E. H. G. Roberts, is being opposed by two brothers, Mr. Llewellyn and Mr. Cyril Jones, the former as Liberal and the latter as Labour candidate.

Mr. Ernest Roberts, however, should be a difficult man to unseat if his energy and his oratory are anything like they were in his Oxford days. He stood for the Presidency of the Oxford Union against Mr. Geoffrey Dennis—the well-known novelist—and beat him handsomely on the strength of a memorable speech opposing Welsh disestablishment. This speech completely eclipsed not only Mr. Dennis's effort on the other side, but also the speeches of the two visitors, Dr. Selbie and the then Bishop of St. Asaph's.

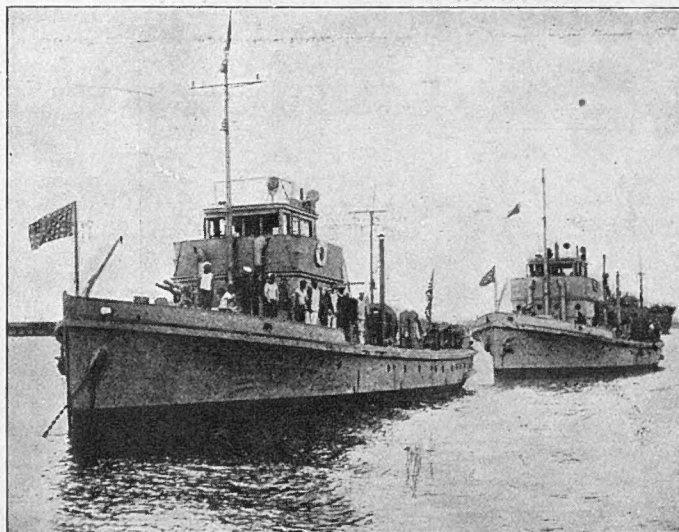
There were better speakers at the Oxford Union at that time, notably Mr. Philip Guedalla and Mr. Kingsley Griffiths (both, by the way, standing as Liberals at the coming election) but Mr. Ernest Roberts's speech was the best individual effort in the years immediately preceding the war.

The Book Society.

THE Press has not quite understood the mixed reception accorded to the new Book Society, whose members are to be informed monthly of the best book of the month, on the authority of a committee which includes Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. J. B. Priestley and Miss Sylvia Lynd.

The idea comes, of course, from America, where the "Book of the Month Club" numbers nearly 50,000 and sells this number of the books which it recommends direct to its members every month. The gain to authors and publishers is immense, since the profit (to both parties) on 50,000 copies of one book is, at the very least, twice the profit on 5,000 copies of ten books and is probably ten times that on 1,000 copies of 50 books. On the other hand, the bookseller is a clear loser. He makes precisely as much by selling 50 copies of 1,000 different books as by selling 50,000 copies of one book, and he loses absolutely and irrecoverably by any sales made direct to members of the public by the Club.

The Club, on the other hand, if the American precedent is any guide, makes a handsome profit. They also have the satisfaction of stamping their own æsthetic preferences with the hall-mark of commercial success. And what better hall-mark can you have in this enlightened century?



The U.S. Coastguard Cutter "Dexter" arriving at New Orleans with the crew of the British schooner "I'm Alone." The "I'm Alone" refused to stop when commanded to do so by the "Dexter."



The French liner, "Ile de France," carried several prominent persons on her last trip from America. Above: Mr. Noel Coward (centre), who is well known as a playwright, is seen landing at Plymouth.

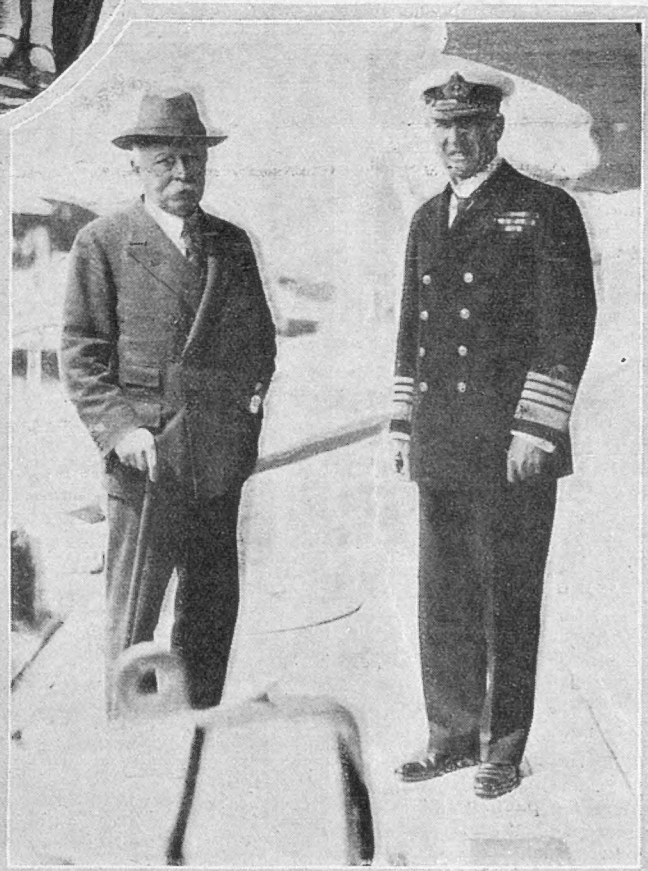
England to India by air. The aerial mail service between London and Karachi has been inaugurated and the Air Minister, Sir Samuel Hoare, M.P., was a passenger on the Argosy liner for the first part of the journey.



Admiral Sir Hubert George Brand, K.C.B., who has made his last voyage as Commander of the Atlantic Fleet, on board his ship, H.M.S. "Nelson." He was Chief of Staff to Sir David Beatty in 1916.



Honours for the Stage and Art. Miss Lilian Baylis (left), Manager of the Old Vic Theatre, and Mrs. Laura Knight, A.R.A., leave St. James's Palace after their investiture by the Prince of Wales with the C.H.



The First Lord of the Admiralty, the Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, M.P., inspected the Fleet at Gibraltar during a recent visit to the Mediterranean. Above he is seen with Admiral Sir Frederick Field on board H.M.S. "Elizabeth"

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THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

THERE are both irony and drama in the story of Amanulla. Only a year ago, an honoured guest of the Governments of Europe, receiving the salutes of guards of honour, enjoying himself at the Grand National, and to-day—or yesterday—a fugitive from his capital, fighting for his life, standing at bay in Kandahar. It might serve to illustrate the turn of Fortune's wheel—

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be level made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

But there is much more than this personal drama to interest us in Afghanistan. Although it is so remote that few know, or care, anything about it, it is of vital concern to the British Empire in India, and therefore to Great Britain. British arms have fought in three Afghan wars, and the reason is not far to seek, since, from time immemorial, the invader has entered India through its defiles. Timur, Mahmud of Ghazni, Baber, who founded the Mogul Empire, and the Persian, Nadir Shah, all swooped down upon the plains of India through its mountain passes. And the danger persists. In 1919 British India mobilised armies of more than three hundred thousand men to stop an invasion, and only the other day there were rumours of Russia mobilising on the Afghan frontier.

Is Invasion Possible?

THESE rumours, published prominently one day and denied the next, were no doubt false, but they suggest a possibility worth considering. Before the days of the Triple Entente, when the Government of the Tsar was thought to cherish unfriendly designs on British India, Afghanistan was a constant anxiety to the British soldier, and the British statesman. The Triple Entente has disappeared, Russia is again unfriendly, so that Afghanistan again becomes a point of danger in the defences of the British Empire.

Afghanistan has been called the Switzerland of Asia, and there is a certain resemblance in the situation of the two countries. It is a mountain country, its ranges covered with perpetual snow; it is bounded by countries greater than itself, China to the north-east, Russia to the north, Persia to the West, and British India to the south and east. Its inhabitants are warlike, and, like the Swiss, are apt mercenaries in the armies of other nations, and just as Hannibal and Napoleon had to cross the Alps to be masters of Italy, so the Red Armies would have to cross the Pamirs or the Hindu Kush to be masters of India.

Would they have a chance of success, supposing they produced a Napoleon or a Hannibal at the present moment? The Russian railway system ends at Kushk on the Afghan border. The country between there and Kabul is easier and more open than between Kabul and Peshawar; but "easy" and "open" are relative terms. It is, at the best, a desert and inhospitable country, with vile roads and difficult passes. It

would require a genius for military organisation to take an army from Kushk to Kabul, and to feed it would be even more difficult. But at Kabul the Muscovite's troubles would only be beginning. The mountain wall of the Pamirs runs to heights of 21,000 ft. British military engineering has long been busy on the passes of which the Khyber is chief. Were they reasonably well defended the positions are so strong that they should be impossible to pierce, and any army making the attempt would be harassed by the knowledge that a treacherous and warlike people lay between it and its base. No, even if the Russian Army was as strong as it was under the Tsars, its chances of success by direct invasion would be small.

A Centre of Intrigue.

AFGHANISTAN, however, offers other possibilities to an unfriendly Russia more skilful in intrigue than in war. Afghanistan can be made a centre of trouble and of propaganda both among the frontier tribes which lie along the west bank of the Indus and in India itself, and for this devil's work the times were never more favourable.

British policy in Afghanistan in Habibulla's time was based on friendly relations and a subsidy, the British Resident being the guide, philosopher and friend to the Amir. The soundness of that policy was shown in the Great War. In October, 1915, a Turco-German Mission, under Captain von Hentig contrived to reach Kabul, and spared neither money nor promises to turn the Afghans and their King against Great Britain. They made a strong appeal, for it was easy to represent Great Britain as the enemy and Germany as the friend of the Moslem faith, and there was, besides, the more practical incentive of plunder, always dear to the Afghan heart.

Von Hentig left Afghanistan in disgust, unable to move Habibulla from his policy of friendship with England; but he achieved, nevertheless, a certain success. There had always been in Afghanistan a party hostile to Great Britain, and it was so much strengthened by the events of the war that in the spring of 1919 it contrived the murder of Habibulla. The first act of his successor, Amanulla, was to invade British territory, and this invasion, which occurred at the end of April, 1919, was prepared for by a vigorous propaganda all over India. The affair of Amritsar was not an isolated riot, but part of a great conspiracy which had its focus in Kabul and its inspiration in Moscow. General Dyer (as his recent biography shows) struck at the same enemy, both when he fired in the Gallianwala Bagh, and when he drove Nadir Khan headlong out of the mountains round the frontier fortress of Thal.

An Ominous Resemblance.

THERE is a somewhat ominous resemblance between the situation to-day and in the spring of 1919. Instead of the Rowlatt Act we have the Simon Commission as a pretext for seditious agitation. Gandhi and his friends are as active and subtle now as then—the recent riots in Bombay suggest Bolshevik intervention—the state of Afghanistan is no less chaotic than when Amanulla seized power, and the frontier tribes are unusually restless and turbulent.

The situation in Afghanistan must continue to cause anxiety both in this country and in India. It is true that no further serious outbreaks have occurred, but there is a well-founded belief that there is little likelihood of any long peace. A shortage of money is declared to be one of the main reasons why the rival factions are resting. But there is little doubt but that the money will be found. Who will supply it and for what particular motive?

There are several sources from which it might come, but we are not likely to know very much about them if and when they are tapped. The whole situation is full of dangerous possibilities and adds still further to the burden and responsibilities of our rule in India. That we shall carry those burdens and accept those responsibilities in the true tradition admits of no question.

It is well to remember, however, that we are at a very distinct disadvantage in dealing with any serious outbreak in Afghanistan, where such an outbreak threatens the peace of British India. We have to exercise the greatest patience and tact in any relationships with whoever rules in Afghanistan.

The policy of the Government in India, and at home, must continue to be guided by a vigilant watchfulness and a determination to stand firm against any threat to British rule in India.



I am not like most magicians, Sir. I do not have a large number of inferior tricks. I have only one trick; but I think you will agree that it knocks all others into a cocked hat

Why Not Inland Air Mails?

As in the past there was opposition to every new method of carrying mails so there is to-day a feeling against the aerial transport of inland mails. In America and on the Continent efficient systems are in operation. When will the G.P.O. wake up?

BRITISH conservatism seems to be simply a polite way of describing a national malady which consists of a mental impediment to new ideas. The neglect of the possibilities of transporting the inland mails by air is the latest example of this failing.

The average Briton admits at once that "Time is Money," and that the carriage of mails by fast aeroplane is certain to come, but he seems perfectly content to make do with early Victorian methods of mail transport by rail for the rest of his life, oblivious of the advances being made elsewhere.

Supposing that London firms should find it quicker to correspond with business houses on the Continent by air mail than with their rivals in England by ordinary mail? Already the main capitals of Europe are being reached by air mail in one day; this year Vienna will be added to the list. Must we wait until we are actually losing money before the fact is driven home that we are falling behind the times?

Is the General Post Office to be permitted to ignore or obstruct the aeroplane as it did the mail coach, the railway, the telephone and wireless?

AMERICAN PROGRESS.

LAATEST figures regarding the growth of air mail services in the United States make an astonishing contrast with the complete lack of equivalent figures for Great Britain. There are now 38 American air mail lines, serving 101 centres and flying more than 34,000 miles daily with mails. The system is being operated by commercial contractors, of whom there are 25 firmly established, many of them carrying goods and passengers in addition to mails.

Between December, 1926, and December, 1928, the weight of air mails increased fourteen times, and now amounts to well over 510,000 lb. a month. Ten thousand miles of airways have been organised for

Reliability. The three-engined De Havilland 66 (Hercules). Although fully loaded only two engines are in use, and it will be observed that one propeller is stationary. Machines of this type have carried the mails with practically 100 per cent. reliability between Cairo and Basra for the past two years, and are to be used on the trans-Australian air route.

night flying, and in two years the American Post Office will have realised its ambition to include every important town in the country in the air mail service. In many cases, answers to letters conveyed by the air mail are received before an ordinary letter has reached its destination.

The opening of the British air route to India, which will reduce the time of mail transit by fully one half, has produced columns of praise and congratulations—but no one suggested that a similar cut in mail times should be attempted on some of the longer routes at home, where the mails traffic is infinitely heavier and equally important from the imperial standpoint.

Why? Is it simply this impediment in the mind that prevents us from visualising the advantages and demanding a trial?

To excuse our shortcomings in developing civil aviation it is often stated that our distances are too short for aircraft to show a saving of time worth the extra cost, that we have such an excellent railway service that we do not need a faster method of transport, and that the English climate is so unstable that regular air lines cannot be operated with safety and punctuality.

Convincing though these arguments appear

By E. M. ROSSITER

at first sight, they are entirely misleading.

WHAT WE HAVE MISSED.

IT is the truth that if we possessed a Post Office as enterprising as that of America we should already have had working two trunk air mail services, one running from London to Edinburgh via a chain of cities on the East of England, and the other from London to Glasgow on the west, and we should now be considering cross-country connections branching from the central routes and linking together towns which are badly served with railway connections.

Mail aircraft with a speed of 150 miles an hour should be coming into use, as they are in America, and we ought seriously to be considering the possibility of so organising the air-mail routes that a letter posted in one town in the morning should reach any other town in the country on the same business day.

FASTER MAILS BY AIR.

The following table, based on Air Ministry figures, illustrates the saving of time that can be realised by flying at 90 m.p.h. on cross-country routes.

Route.	Train. time. hr. min.	Air transport. hr. min.
Liverpool-Hull ..	3 45	1 43
Glasgow-Newcastle ..	4 0	1 50
Swansea-Manchester ..	6 40	2 10
Cardiff-Middlesbrough ..	8 40	3 7
Leeds-Bournemouth ..	8 20	2 53
Birmingham-Torquay ..	4 55	2 14
Wolverhampton-Norwich ..	7 20	2 17
Aberdeen-Yarmouth ..	16 30	4 24
Newcastle-Birmingham ..	5 40	2 29

(30 minutes added to aircraft time to allow for journeys to and from aerodrome.)

PNEUMATIC TUBES TO AERODROME.

ADMITTEDLY, while aerodromes are so far outside the towns passengers would not gain such a large saving of time owing to the time lost in getting to and from the aerodromes by road; mails can be sent by pneumatic tube.

This is the method in actual use at Berlin, where air mail letters are posted in special pillar-boxes—painted a distinctive colour—and are despatched by pneumatic tube from the Central Post Office to the Tempelhof aerodrome. One does not need immense powers of foresight to predict that this is the obvious development of the future in all big cities. Of course, it means spending money, but if it is an essential and inevitable step in mail transport, why not let us have the benefit of it now?

As for the argument that we have such an excellent system of railway transport that we do not require air services, even the railways themselves do not subscribe to it, since they are now asking Parliament for powers to enable them to run air services.

Certainly the climate in north-west Europe is bad from the flying standpoint. But the difficulties have been mastered with convincing success. The cross-Channel air routes to Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam, where the conditions are certainly no better than they are in England itself, have a record that disposes of all misgivings. The high standard of reliability and safety secured on these routes could equally well be obtained in the British Isles, given an equally efficient ground organisation and a reasonable period to gain operating experience.



A link between two centuries. A scene at the opening of the U.S. air mail between Chicago and Texas.



*Smooth to the lips
are the 'Ivory' Tips*

The 'Ivory' Tip is found on one cigarette only, and
that is as choice a cigarette as you could wish to smoke—

DE RESZKE
—of course!

10 for 6d

What is the Monroe Doctrine?

By WILLIS J. ABBOT

ASK the average American man in the street what features of the foreign relations of his country seem to possess possibilities for future trouble, and he will probably respond with promptness, "The freedom of the seas, and the Monroe Doctrine." If he happens to be a resident of one of the larger cities, he may add to these the question of inter-allied debts, but this issue to the great masses of American people is regarded as closed. The other two, however, are very much open. And at this writing our newspapers, and more serious reviews, like those of England, are giving much space to the discussion of possible agreement between the great English speaking nations as to maritime law in war time. This issue, it is felt here, involves only the United States and Great Britain.

The maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, however, is of chief importance to-day in effecting relations between the United States and Central and South American countries. Of course, it involves in a way a threat of coercion to European governments that may seek to extend their political systems to American shores. But as nobody at present imputes to any existing government such purpose, the chief validity of the Monroe Doctrine seems to rest upon its implied grant to the United States of a sort of overlordship of the countries to the south of it. It would be idle to deny that this implication has aroused great and outspoken antagonisms amongst the Central and South American states.

CANNING'S SUGGESTION.

THIS Monroe Doctrine, which is so much in the international consciousness to-day, originated with George Canning, but was seized by both John Quincy Adams and James Monroe, and by them developed as a purely American doctrine. Canning's suggestion that a check be put to any extension of European authority over South American states was intended as a counterstroke to the Holy Alliance. Furthermore, as enunciated by him, it would have stopped the United States from doing, without the co-operation of Great Britain, certain of the things which it now undertakes with reference to its southern neighbours. Adams and Monroe seized upon the suggestion, but, to Canning's chagrin, made it a purely United States doctrine, and gradually it has been so developed that from Central and South America there arises a constant

In this article our contributor, one of the most prominent publicists in America, declares that most Americans find it difficult to define the Monroe Doctrine, which is the particular political dogma of the United States.

protest that the United States is assuming the somewhat arrogant position of a protector of nations that need no protection.

Recent acts which have aroused this South American antagonism have been the armed interference in Nicaragua, the persistent occupation of Haiti, and the steady extension over Panama of authority which it was supposed had been limited to the Canal Zone.



James Monroe, fifth President of the U.S.A., after whom the Monroe Doctrine is named.

While these complaints become more and more vociferous, the people of the United States have accepted the Monroe Doctrine as almost a part of the constitution of their country. Many of them uphold it with a fanaticism almost religious. The thought of its abandonment, or even its serious modification, invariably arouses protests almost as heated as those which would be caused by the suggestion of the establishment of Bolshevism in this land. Yet, curiously

enough, investigation has shown that a very large number of the American people, even those usually classed with the intelligentsia, and supposed to have explicit knowledge concerning foreign affairs, really do not know what the Monroe Doctrine stands for.

WHAT PEOPLE THINK.

THE issues arising under it have aroused the most serious menace in international affairs. They proceed from the unwillingness or inability of certain Central American states to properly protect the citizens of other countries resident within their borders, or their property, or to pay public debts, legitimately incurred, to foreign lenders. Whether, in the event of such a situation arising in Honduras, or Nicaragua, or Columbia,

the United States should permit a foreign government to defend its nationals, press their claims, or should assume itself the responsibility for such action, would seem to be a primary question arising under the Monroe Doctrine, about which there should be no doubt. But not long ago a student of an investigating turn of mind, interested in this subject, undertook to conduct a questionnaire among a selected class of authorities to discover how they looked upon precisely this issue.

I have before me the very detailed report of the results of this questionnaire; 350 persons responded to the inquisition. Among them were 61 editors, 13 college presidents, 148 college professors, 22 bishops and clergymen, as well as scores of lawyers, officials of peace societies, international financiers, manufacturers, and other representative citizens. Let me quote the responses received on five of these fundamental questions:

SUMMARY OF REPLIES.

1. Do you think the original Monroe Doctrine may legitimately be interpreted as prohibiting the temporary armed intervention by European powers in Latin America in order to protect the lives and property of their citizens?

Yes	150
No	129
Doubtful	22

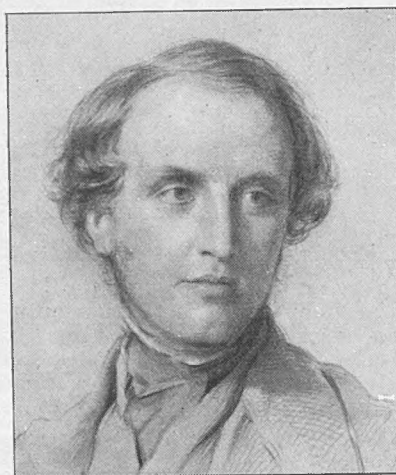
2. Do you think the original Monroe Doctrine may legitimately be interpreted as placing upon the United States the obligation to protect the lives and property of European nationals in Latin America?

Yes	117
No	167
Doubtful	17

3. Do you consider it a wise policy for the United States to prohibit temporary armed intervention in Latin America by European powers?

Yes	169
No	121
Doubtful	11

4. Do you consider it a wise policy for the United States to assume responsibility for the



Lord Canning, the originator of the Monroe Doctrine afterwards adopted by the United States.

protection of the lives and property of European nationals in Latin America ?

Yes	125
No	163
Doubtful	13

5. Do you favour the continuance of the policy of armed intervention in Latin America by the United States in order to protect the lives and property of our own citizens, as, for example, in Nicaragua at the present time ?

Yes	134
No	154
Doubtful	13

BELIEF IN THE DOCTRINE.

IT seems extraordinary that upon a question on which there is such marked differences of opinion amongst those who might be thought to be more or less specialists on foreign affairs, the great mass of the citizenship should be as united as it is. But no one who understands public opinion in the United States will question for a moment that among the great body of the people the Monroe Doctrine is accepted as a cardinal tenet of the nation, interference with which will not be tolerated, and for which the nation should stand ready to do battle at any time.

Unhappily south of our national borders the feeling is quite as strong that it is an unwarrantable assertion of power and authority over other American states, and that they in turn should be prepared to do all in their power to break it down. Out of this situation trouble may arise, and probably it would have arisen except for the overwhelming strength of the United States.

Nevertheless, there is among the more educated groups of citizens in this country recognition of the fact that the Monroe Doctrine should be revised with reference to existing conditions. No longer does there appear to be the slightest danger that any European country will attempt to extend its form of Government to the American continent.

No longer do the nations of South America need any particular protection from their larger northern neighbour. Where the Monroe Doctrine is made the excuse for activities which are really offensive to our neighbours is in the smaller, and rather turbulent, countries of Central America. Here, as I have said before, interventions have become more or less common, and in Haiti and Nicaragua they are apparently almost permanent. American marines have been in the latter state for almost a quarter of a century, while the government of Haiti is administered entirely by American officials, backed up by marines. Setting aside the purely ethical considerations in the case, it is probable that both of these countries have profited by the American intervention, just as Egypt profited enormously by British occupation.

But the difficulty has been that the more powerful South American nations have feared that the policy there expressed might be extended to them. Having a common language with their Latin-American brethren, being Latin rather than English in their origins, turning largely to Europe for their cultural and even political ideas, these countries are strongly antagonized by the apparent willingness of the United States to use its power for the coercion of the less fully developed states of Central America. Resentment has been shown recently by the demand upon the League of Nations to

Doctrine that he sought to extend it beyond the borders of the United States, and to make it applicable to European conditions. Indeed, in his address to the United States Senate, urging the cause of the League of Nations, he said :

" I am proposing, as it were, that the nations should, with one accord, adopt the doctrine of President Monroe as the doctrine of the world ; that no nation should seek to extend its polity over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful.

" I am proposing that all nations henceforth avoid entangling alliances which would draw them into competitions of power, catch them in a net of intrigue and selfish rivalry, and disturb their own affairs with influences intruded from without. There is no entangling alliance in a concert of power."

PAN-AMERICAN PROBLEM.

THAT doctrine passed with the idealistic President who sacrificed his political power, and indeed his life, in the effort to create a universal League of Nations, for the maintenance of peace. Nowhere in the United States, among people capable of intelligent consideration of international policies, is the Monroe Doctrine looked upon as in any sense a matter of international law. But, in the main, it is held to be a rule of conduct which the United States proposes to enforce. Some reference to it is attached by way of an exemption or a reservation to practically every general international agreement into which the United States enters. It appears in the reservation attached to the Hague Court Convention as "the traditional attitude toward purely American questions."

When the League Covenant was still unrejected, Article 21 carried a reference to "regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine." And yet, as is shown by almost any effort to secure an exact definition, neither this traditional attitude nor this regional understanding is

capable of precise explanation by any American authority.

For the time it does not appear that the Monroe Doctrine will have any bearing upon the relationship existing between the United States and European nations. It is a Pan-American problem to-day, purely, but if the field in which it exercises influence should be extended, some official definition and delimitation of its nature and purposes will be essential.

Wizards

By Alfred Noyes

There's many a proud wizard in Araby and Egypt
Can read the silver writing of the stars as they run ;
And many a dark gipsy, with a pheasant in his knapsack,
Has gathered more by moonshine than wiser men have won ;
But I know a Wizardry
Can yoke a buried acorn
And whisper forests out of it, to tower against the sun.

There's many a magician in Bagdad and Benares
Can read you—for a penny—what your future is to be ;
And a flock of crazy prophets just by staring at a crystal
Can fill it with more fancies than there's herring in the sea ;
But I know a Wizardry
Can break a freckled egg-shell
And shake a throstle out of it, in every hawthorn tree.

There's many a crafty alchemist in Mecca and Jerusalem ;
And Michael Scott and Merlin were reckoned very wise ;
But I know a Wizardry
Can take a wisp of sun-fire
And round it to a planet, and roll it through the skies,
With cities, and seaports, and little shining windows,
And hedge-rows and gardens, and loving human eyes.

define the Monroe Doctrine made by two of its South American members. The League neatly evaded the proposition, and, indeed, would probably have been little more successful in answering it than was the group of American authorities cited above.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S SUPPORT.

IT is interesting to note that the late President Wilson was so thoroughly imbued with admiration for the Monroe

An interesting announcement concerning the future policy and development of
BRITANNIA
appears on page 621 of this week's issue



It is, in brief, that BRITANNIA is joining forces with EUG, the Lady's Pictorial, the most attractive woman's illustrated weekly of the day

Early in MAY both papers will discontinue weekly publication and appear jointly as a Shilling MONTHLY MAGAZINE for Men and Women. The new magazine will be called
"BRITANNIA and EVE"

By combining the resources and individual strong points of both journals it is possible to produce a magazine which will definitely surpass—in quality and quantity, in lavishness and perfection of production, in variety and interest—any monthly magazine ever published in this country



FATALITY

By Vivian

Le Grand

A German doctor becomes a naturalised Frenchman and marries a French girl. During the War his Teutonic sympathies assert themselves for a brief moment, and he is tempted to betray the country of his adoption.



Thus, on that serene evening Madeleine Vallery and Johann Rau became engaged.

A SURGING sea of slate blue roofs ; steeples springing towards Heaven in a supreme attempt to communion ; domes of palaces starred with gold by the declining light ; more dark blue roofs filling the horizon and the gigantic iron tower outlined in black on a crimson sky ; and hundreds of thousands of swaying wreaths of smoke vanishing in the air : Paris lying at the foot of the Butte Montmartre.

The man was so deeply absorbed in his contemplation that he did not hear the light steps of a woman and her voice startled him as she said :

"Here I am at last."

He turned round and Madeleine Vallery noticed the flushed face, the radiant eyes and the slight tremor in the deep voice.

"I was so afraid you might not come."

"I had promised I would."

"Yes, I know, but something might have prevented you."

"I had promised," she said again, and in her voice was a tender note that encouraged Johann Rau's hopes. They went and sat on a bench in the shade of a plane tree.

"Mademoiselle Madeleine, in three days I shall leave Paris for Villenoire, a village in Brie. Old Dr. Blaize is retiring and I have bought his practice. It is not what I had dreamed, but without any capital, how can I settle in Paris ? As to research work, I have not got the kind of brain needed for it. I would feel quite contented with my fate, Mademoiselle Madeleine, if I did not settle there alone, if you married me. No, don't speak, I must first tell you how much I love you, how much you mean to me and that if you refuse me . . . ah, if you refuse me . . ."

She whispered, "There are obstacles."

"Not if you love me. I am strong, honest, and we both are Catholics. Our tastes are

simple. What more can you wish for ?"

"But you are German."

She spoke low, almost ashamed.

"Ah, now we have it. Because in '70—before I was born, mind you—the blunders of your masters allowed the Prussians to revenge Jena, to-day you answer me, I can't marry you, a German. A German ? Yes. By birth. Bavarian. Was I free to choose my country ? You, a Frenchwoman, should esteem me all the more if born among the victors, I come to live among the vanquished, if I hate the Germania spurred and helmeted, that toys with guns, dreams of a world prostrate before her might, and meanwhile puts her sons under the bestialising yoke of Prussia. A German, I. But from your enemies I keep but my name and a slight accent. I share your ideals. It is a French woman, not a German, whom I love. My parents are dead, my friends have forgotten me. Six months hence I shall be a Frenchman in law. Ah, you French people, you talk a great deal of the brotherhood of nations, but when we come to you with a heart full of love, you shout back, 'Foreigners!'

H E had risen and towered over her, his blue eyes ablaze, his fists clenched. Suddenly his features relaxed : she had touched his hand.

"I lost my temper. Forgive me. But you are so unfair."

"Are you really going to naturalise ?"

"Yes. I could never live in Germany and become an automaton, a spring in a huge machine. To be a man and dream of glory in the shambles. How I love your ideals of peace and brotherhood of the nations. I made up my mind to naturalise months ago, but I have waited in order to be sure that I had not given way to transient enthusiasm."

She slipped her hand into his.

"But that alters everything. You see, if I remain French, although I become Madame Rau . . ."

Regardless of the disgusted expression on the face of an old spinster on her way to the Sacré Coeur, Johann Rau took Madeleine in his arms and kissed the tiny tip of an ear pointing under the fair hair. And she chose to hide her emotion under practical words.

"Now, you go and tackle father. He will be very cross at first, I warn you. Maman, of course, will love you because you love me."

He stooped to kiss the tempting face, but already she was exclaiming :

"Oh, but it is horrid."

"What is the matter now ?" he asked, already unhappy.

"Jo-hann . . . Jo-hann. How can I call you Jo-hann ? I make a face. Look, Jo-hann . . . You shall be Jean, she decided giving him a tap on the cheek.

"All right, Jean will do."

And this time no fencing of hers could stop him.

Thus on that serene evening of June, 1903, Madeleine Vallery and Johann Rau became engaged.

D R. RAU pushed open the garden-door and hurried towards the house, but before he could put the key in the lock, his wife opened the door and asked anxiously : "Well ?"

"War. Listen."

A bell was tolling and, from other villages other bells began to answer it, in the same slow, mournful tones.

"The tocsin. The decree of mobilisation is already pasted outside the Town Hall. The Mayor is going to speak to the people. Come."

A tear slowly trickled down Madeleine's cheek.

"Oh, my poor France," she sighed, hardly realising that she was speaking.

"Our poor France," corrected her husband. And her eyes thanked him.

Arm in arm they went through the streets. The Place de La Mairie was thronged

with priests, workmen, clerks, bourgeois and *servantes*. Still figures, in black clothes, white faces furrowed in red by scalding tears. Biting their moustaches the men gazed vacantly in front of them, and their womanfolk clung to them as if they wished to paralyse their flight.

The bell stopped. The mayor, an old man with a white beard, appeared on the balcony of the Town Hall and the town crier immediately read the Order of Mobilisation. Then the lean old man began to speak:—

"*Citoyens and Citoyennes*, Our country is in danger. For the second time in forty-four years insolent Prussia attacks us. Citizens, we shall show them that the Frenchmen of 1914 spring from the heroes of 1792, that the spirit of Joan of Arc still dwells among us. Women of Villenoire, do not waste your time in weeping. Your place is in the fields, the shops, and hos-

ebbed away in the darkness. And those whom the *Marseillaise* had awakened sorrowed and waited for dawn to lighten their anguish.

News came, contradictory and false. Alsace was half reconquered. Namur had fallen. No, it had not. In three weeks the Russians would be in Berlin. A soldier sent home slightly wounded brought the first news of death. "Commandant Beglin!" he had answered a woman's enquiries. "Oh, làlà, he was the first to go west." And the unfortunate wife had fainted. Now, when she passed in her weeds, the first war widow, fear and pity made the people silent.

Then a communiqué was posted up. "Today not a single German remains in French territory." Then there had been enemies on French territory? And five days later, on the big map outside the Town Hall, yellow and black flags began to sketch a triangle,

wounded besides his usual patients. His jovial and kindly disposition, his skill, the love he bore his wife, had made him very popular in the little town.

From the first stories of espionage had been current in Villenoire. Men who for years had received hospitality in Northern and Eastern Departments were said to be guiding the invaders. Others had remained behind to blow up bridges, tunnels, powder magazines and send information to the Boches. Ah! if any such spies were in Villenoire. . . . Suspicion became a patriotic duty.

ONE evening, Rau on his way home noticed that a group of women and workmen ceased talking when he came near them. He had walked on fifty yards perhaps when some urchins shouted, "Hallo, Boche! Going to stuff?" He turned round. A stone struck him on the ear.



He felt cold, a veil fell before his eyes. Was he going to faint?

pitals. Men and women do not forget that Alsace-Lorraine expects her liberation from us. Now, go and do your work. *Vive la République. Vive la France.*"

The men uncovered. A loud shout proclaimed the *Union Sacrée*. Then the crowd scattered.

Half an hour later the deserted streets, closed doors and shuttered windows witnessed to Villenoire's mourning. The station was filling with reservists.

THE days that followed were days of sorrow. Trains decked with flowers passed every hour. In the dead of night the town folk would awake to hear, "*Aux armes, citoyens, formez vos bataillons.*" sung by thousands of men on their way to the great butchery. The chorus swelled, then

there, towards the Belgian frontier. And the day after, and every day after that, the sinister triangle grew in length, its apex nearer and nearer Paris, while the thin line of Anglo-Belgian flags drew back, always drew back.

"It is a strategic retreat," said some. "It is a rout," thought others. Trains arrived bringing thousands of fugitives from Nancy and Lille. And what about Toul and Verdun? "Rheims is ablaze," said some refugees. Others from Picardy brought the news the Prussians were entering as they left. There were rumours of treason. . . . Generals had committed suicide. . . . The Government had left Paris.

Rau and his wife were very busy, she as a nurse in the hospital, where she spent alternate days and nights, he attending the

The urchins ran away and the talkers dispersed without a word.

"The idiots," grumbled Rau.

He did not mention the incident to his wife.

A few days later, he went to visit a bed-ridden patient, who never paid him a penny and never would. Her soldier son had not written for many days and she was very depressed. He tried, rather clumsily, to comfort her.

"Cheer up. Soon you shall have good news. Besides, what is the use of crying?"

"It is easy to talk for M'sieur le Doctor when it is the Prussians who win," replied the woman.

Rau grew red in the face, clenched his fists and without a word left the room. Not quickly enough, though, to prevent him from hearing the bitter voice saying to a silent neighbour, "Did not I shut the Boche up?"

Instead of going home, Rau went for a walk and thought the incident over.



*The door re-opened.
A glance sufficed.*

"What ungrateful idiots they are! Twelve years of devotion are to count for nothing. They are frightened, so they become ferocious. Any moment they may choose to tear someone to pieces. Yet they are excusable if those stories are true. I suppose I must forgive. . . . But I do hope they will leave Madeleine alone."

Rau suffered much in these days. Friends avoided him, strangers averted their heads when he passed, or else stared at him insolently. Some of his patients shut their doors against him, boys threw stones at him while their mothers smiled upon the little brutes. Once a toddler came up to him and lisped, "Are zey to soot you to-day, Boce?"

Rau caught the child by the arm, without hurting him, but gave him a look that set him howling. Women came up.

At nightfall the whole town knew that the German brute had broken loose and half-killed an innocent child.

RAU surprised a look of pity on Madeleine's face one day. She knew. How did she know? Had she been persecuted also? The thought infuriated him. But why did she not mention it? Did she . . . did she suspect him? He shook himself. Of course she did not. Yet there was left in his mind a vague uneasiness that prevented him from opening his heart to Madeleine.

Retreating armies were tramping along roads choked with fugitives. Von Kluck, suddenly inclining to the east and crossing the Marne at Changis, Château Thierry, La Ferté, Nogent, arrived in sight of Coulommiers and Rebaix. A French army passed through Villenoire harried by the German field artillery. The population fled. Rau

and his wife stayed. "Of course," sneered some. "The Boches need guides."

The Germans entered Villenoire. From a window at the hospital Dr. Rau saw the dusty and tired regiments pass, singing the *Wacht am Rhein*.

"How strong they are," he thought.

"How they have routed these Frenchmen who talked of the revenge of 1870. This is worse than 1870. It is a colossal Sadowa. Before three weeks are gone the French will be suing on their knees for peace. When they have got it, they will make another Commune against the Bourgeois and wallow in blood and mud."

Then was born his contemptuous pity for the fallen nation and his admiration for the victors. So strong, so efficient. Those victors. Magnificent. Magnificent.

He caught himself up. What was happening to him? Had he really come to despise those French ideals he had so long admired? But then, how absurd to dream of universal brotherhood of the nations and perpetual peace in face of unleashed humanity. Savages; men are but savages. The instinct of war is rooted in their hearts. Of two nations the stronger is bound to destroy the weaker. If the stronger is Germany, so much the better for Germany, and woeto France.

While all his noblest illusions were thus dying one by one, while the bugles of victory

reminded him he was born among the conquerors, Rau was kinder than ever to the French wounded.

THE Germans did not stay at Villenoire. The day after their passage a furious battle began to rage on the Sezanne Plateau. The Gaul turned on the Teuton, forced him to cross the Marne hastily, forced him to run, to leave behind men, guns and horses. Paris was saved, France breathed again.

The inhabitants of Villenoire flocked back to their homes. They heard how devoted Dr. Rau had been to the wounded, and he suddenly found himself again popular. They went out of their way to talk to him, because they wanted to be forgiven. Rau ignored kind words and stretched hands. People were too happy just then to resent this.

After all, he had

been abominably treated. No wonder he felt sore.

And he despised them for being wrong about him a second time. One of his patients gleefully told him how a whole German division had been smothered in the marshes. "In the mud, drowned in the mud, those choucroute eaters."

Rau shuddered. The dead men were his compatriots. He was a German again. He had rejected the borrowed nationality on the day when grief, pity and terror had rent his heart because grey regiments were running before the Anglo-French. God, if Madeleine knew. Would she leave him? He longed to learn which was the stronger—her love or her patriotism. No. He would tell her nothing. It was better to tell her nothing.

ON the evening of September 7th, towards ten o'clock, Madeleine and her husband were in their little drawing room on the ground floor, he seated in an armchair, she on a footstool and leaning her head on his knee. She was growing sleepy as he lovingly stroked her hair. And in the distance, guns boomed.

They suddenly heard the tramp of men marching on the gravel path. It stopped at the door, then some one knocked loudly. Madeleine sat up and looked at her husband. In silence he went and opened the door. He saw an officer and four soldiers. Their bayonets glittered. The officer asked:

"Dr. Rau?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"May I come in?"

"Certainly."

The four men remained in the passage, the lieutenant followed Rau into the drawing room. He saluted Madeleine.

"Here is a German document which must be translated at once," he said to Rau. "We found it on a soldier whom we shot



*Her husband . . . put
his hand over her mouth
to stifle a second cry.
"Silence, silence!"*

as he was crossing our lines. I could not get at the interpreter and the Mayor advised me to come to you, Dr. Rau."

He held out a paper stained with mud and blood. Rau took it, came nearer the lamp and glanced at it.

A shudder of terror ran down his spine. He felt cold, a veil fell before his eyes. Was he going to faint? Mastering himself he resolved, "Time! I must gain time if I am to save them."

He said calmly, "I see it is something about X Wood. . . The small writing is half rubbed out and it is difficult to read. You will want a written translation, won't you?"

He took out paper, pen and ink, placed a chair before the table and, having sat down, carefully smoothed out the fatal scrap of paper. He was thinking:

"If I put the French on the false scent, I save them. Of course, if that damned officer takes it into his head to show this paper to someone who knows German, I am done for. . . I must leave Villenoire at once. But Madeleine. . . No, I must keep the German text."

He began to read slowly. His wife stood behind him, he never thought of that in these tragic minutes. When he had finished, Madeleine withdrawing into the shadow heard the lying voice read aloud: "We succeeded in escaping from X Wood. Telephone destroyed. We are safe, you know where. Send food and uniform. If nothing reaches us before. . ."

"The message stops there," said Rau. "Obviously the bearer destroyed the rest before you killed him."

"What a pity it is that these scoundrels have escaped. They must have given out all our movements. And now they are 'you know where.' It is jolly vague. If we could only know the name of their accomplice, he who is bringing the uniforms, we might still catch them."

"Ah that is the secret of the dead soldier whom you took the paper from. By the bye, I have begun a collection of war mementoes. This would be a fine one. . . may I keep it?"

The lieutenant hesitated. Rau caught his breath but succeeded in laughing and saying jokingly:

"I see, it is impossible. Well, let us suppose I said nothing, that's all."

"*Mon Dieu*," the lieutenant said "If the Boches have escaped. . . they have, have not they?"

"Well, it is written there, but if you doubt it, why don't you and your men search X Wood? It is the best way to make sure."

"I might be asked for that paper. . . Now I think of it, Dr. Rau, could not the rest of the message be written in invisible ink?"

WITHOUT answering Rau got up and lighted a candle, held the paper close to it. It turned yellow, but no writing appeared. At that moment a violent cough shook Rau, the flame of the candle swayed, licked the paper. . . With an oath, Rau quickly squeezed the note, but when he opened his hand, only two blackened fragments remained and the few visible words had no longer a meaning.

"Lieutenant, I am very sorry. Such a valuable document lost through my clumsiness."

"It is very annoying," said the lieutenant, suspiciously, "I shall report to my superior officer. *Madame. . . Monsieur.*"

He saluted Madeleine, who had been forgotten by her husband during the tragic scene. She did not move. He opened the door and shut it behind him. An awful cry nailed him where he stood.

As the officer disappeared, Madeleine Rau rushed forward. But her husband sprang between her and the door and put his hand over her mouth to stifle a second cry.

"Silence, silence."

The door re-opened. A glance sufficed. On a sign from the Lieutenant, two soldiers took up their position before the window, two more by the door. Leaning on their bayonets, they were the silent witnesses of the tragedy.

As they came in, Rau let Madeleine go. But when the unhappy woman saw the bayonets, she shuddered and falling at her husband's knees, she sobbed out:

"I could not. . . I could not."

He lifted her up tenderly.

"I could not either. Come, come, do not cry, you could not help it."

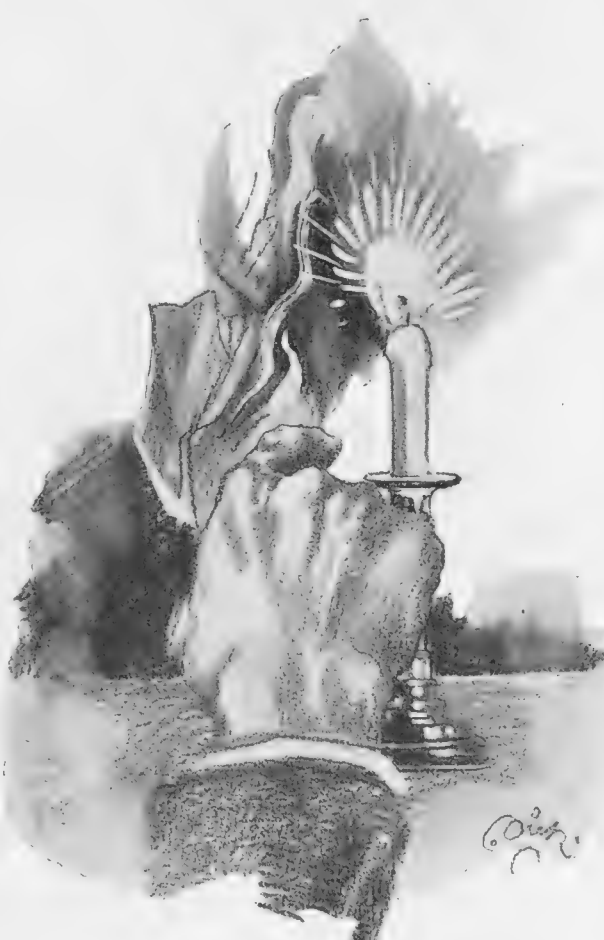
AT that moment the lieutenant intervened.

"Excuse me, I must speak to Madame."

The poor woman looked at him with agonised eyes. The lieutenant spoke gently, very gently.

"Your husband did not translate the German document faithfully, did he?"

She shuddered, but said nothing. Rau put his hand on her hair and entreated:



The flame . . . licked the paper.

"Answer, darling, it is your duty."

The officer asked:

"Are there enemies in X Wood?"

"Yes, under the ruins of Rambure's farm. They have a telephone and are communicating our movements to Von Kluck. They ask for food and French uniforms."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

He turned to his men.

"No, no, she said hurriedly, 'wait. You don't understand. You think he is a traitor like so many others. . . *Mon Dieu*, I swear he loved France. I know it, I am his wife; he could not deceive me for twelve years, could he? Surely you must believe me after what I have done. He loved France. But they suspected, insulted him. He tended them, loved them and they stoned him, yes, here, in this town. They called him the Boche. They reminded him that he was born over there. Then, suddenly you come, you put into his hands the fate of his countrymen. He behaved as a German should. Because one can't really renounce one's country. Only, you understand, I could not let him do that. Jean, you understand I could not have our soldiers killed. Then I shrieked. I have saved you and your army, are you going to reward me by shooting my husband? He has looked after our wounded so well, they love him. Ask them, if you don't believe me. But I implore you on my knees, don't take him away from me. Please, please, don't."

SHE had fallen at the lieutenant's feet. He did not answer. Then she rose, defiance in her eyes, shouting:

"Come and take him, if you dare."

She embraced her husband with a strength born of despair. Rau saw that the strain was too strong for her to bear long. He gently disengaged himself.

"Sit down. Now listen. You and I could not act otherwise than we did. Patriotism must stand before love. You did your duty. I. . . I think I did mine. But if I made a mistake I am ready to pay for it. Only, Madeleine, do not blame me, do not forget me."

He glanced at the officer, who understood. One sign made the soldiers surround Rau. The prisoner walked to the door, then he turned round. In her despair, Madeleine had flung herself on the ground, knocking her head on the boards and repeating "I have killed him. Oh my God, I have killed him."

Rau took a step backwards, but he knocked against the bayonets. The faces of the soldiers betrayed their emotion. One of them wiped away with a dirty hand the tear that trickled down his dirty cheek and grumbled:

"*Bon Dieu de Bon Dieu, quelle sale guerre! Down with the Kaiser.*"

The lieutenant gave orders.

"By the right, quick March!"

But he did not follow them immediately. Lifting the unfortunate woman in his arms, he carried her to a sofa. Then, clicking his heels as on parade, he saluted that great misfortune and went out murmuring:

"*Ah oui, alors. To Hell with the Kaiser!*"

END.

Little Books on Great Subjects

By Douglas Ferrol

EDUCATION being the unsolved problem of all democracies, the enterprise of publishers in launching a series such as the *Sixpenny Libraries*, in which these volumes appear is of exceptional importance. This particular series contains by now over 100 volumes, most of them by "eminent authorities," and these last eighteen are excellently representative.

It is unfortunate that the critics have treated this and other similar enterprises so casually, for their casualness has led to a remarkable absence of any accepted standard for a class of literature which, in the special conditions of our age, is, perhaps, more important; on a long view, than any other.

It is often said, and the apostles of specialisation have to believe, that Leonardo da Vinci was the last man who could take all knowledge for his province. In the popularity of this essentially false (though literally true) judgment is to be found the reason for the failure of modern education and the reason also why such enterprises as this *Sixpenny Library* of Sir Ernest Benn's are valuable. The point is, of course, that while the schoolboy cannot to-day take all knowledge for his province the man of the world has got to do so. To reconcile this necessity with the possibilities is not merely one of the problems, it is (in one sense of the term) the whole problem of education.

MIND TRAINING.

The confusion is between two meanings of one word. Education as applied to adolescent is a process of gymnastics, in the course of which inevitably a good deal of information is acquired, just as in the course of physical development boys and girls incidentally acquire various manual dexterities. But it is mind training, mind-wakening, which is the task of the schoolmaster, and the days when in the course of this process the great majority of known facts about man and the world he lives in could be imparted, ceased some centuries ago. The reason is that the first step in mind training is a training in thoroughness. It doesn't matter, perhaps, whether the field selected be history, languages, mathematics or physical science. What does matter is that the subjects taught shall be small enough to enable them to be taught thoroughly. A boy who is taught only one contributory cause of an event like the Renaissance, or a fact like the motive power of a steam engine, is not half educated, but wrongly educated. His mind is being trained to look at things from one point of view only. His natural instincts are not being trained, but perverted in a literal sense. For purpose of mind training, therefore, specialisation is inevitable to-day.

The other sense of the word education, however, is the process of turning a boy or girl with a trained mind into the kind of person we describe colloquially as "cultivated." It is in the production of "cultivated" men and women current dogmas on specialisation offer a persistent and unfortunately successful opposition.

A practical proof of the truth of this is to be found in the popular and wholly accurate "legends" of the absent-minded professor, the impractical theorist, the scientist who can't keep his accounts, the economist who is the last man in the world whose advice we take about a business transaction. Broadly speaking, the last man whom any intelligent person consults on any practical question, or, indeed, on any question at all "outside his own subject," is a scholar or scientist.

BOOKS THE ONLY HOPE.

WHAT has all this to do with the eighteen books which I am reviewing? Simply this: the one escape from the tyranny of specialisation is, at present, through books. No one, of course, can know the technicalities of modern science, the dogmatic theology of all religions, the sequence of events in the histories of all peoples. But the first essential of cultivation is to know what are the relations of one science with another, what their problems are, the evidential value of the data on which conclusions rest, and how far their conclusions are advanced towards finality.

How can the student of religion think intelligently about the relation of man to the universe if he is ignorant of what scientists think about the same question, why they think it? How can a scientist do any better if he is ignorant, as many are, of the very elements of the theories of knowledge, and so unable to distinguish between

Saunders' *Buddhism*, Mr. Nicholson's *Study of Birds*, and Professor Foligno's *Dante*. These five books fulfil exactly the purpose—and it is an all-important purpose—for which they are written. They tell what is known, they differentiate clearly between facts and inferences, and they suggest not only the significance of what we know but the significance of what we do not. To these writers this significance is not a specialist, but a human affair. They understand, and this is the root of the matter, that physical or natural science, social anthropology, religion and literature, are not in themselves significant at all. *They are important only in so far as, by studying the world from a certain angle, we get an impression which remains true when we change our viewpoint.*

The volumes on Biology and Zoology, and Sir Charles Grant Robertson's *History of Western Europe* fail, on the other hand, because the problems which they discuss are problems seen from within the science.

Professor Dakin, for instance, in his *Modern Problems in Biology*, selects (and be it noted, deals lucidly and impartially with) the problems "likely to reveal the experimental methods practised in biology to-day." But this is surely the wrong approach. What is wanted is not a discussion of methods, but a clear analysis of the kind of problem to which the kind of data provided by biological investigation is likely to suggest a solution. Again, all the sciences show results of two distinct orders. The one

kind is capable of being tested, and is therefore discarded if proved incorrect. The other is not capable of being tested, and is acceptable only if supported by other evidence outside the specialist's field. What the layman wants, and needs, to know is when the line is to be drawn, and why.

Nor is Professor Graham Kerr's *Introduction to Zoology* more satisfactory. The interest and importance of the science is that it provides a great proportion of the evidence for evolution. The significance of zoological science lies in the apparent conflict between the inferences drawn from one set of facts and those drawn equally legitimately from other facts.

SURVEYS BY EXPERTS.

THE purpose, in short, of these brief surveys of the myriad fields of specialist and expert enquiry should be not to encourage us to become expert also, but to teach us precisely what the experts know which we do not, and the occasions when it is our duty, if we don't want to talk nonsense on what we imagine to be our own subject, to consult experts on other subjects.

But even when, as in the case of Mr. G. G. Coulton's little essays, the aim is more modest, there is a wealth of interesting reading. He will be a foolish fellow who decides that it will not be worth his while to spend at least a shilling on buying at least two of these eighteen books.

THE SIXPENNY LIBRARY.

SCIENCE.

Energy, by SIR OLIVER LODGE.
Problems in Biology, by WILLIAM T. DAKIN, D.Sc.
An Introduction to Zoology, by J. GRAHAM KERR.
X-Rays and Radium, by U. E. PULLIN.
Fungi, by T. RAMSBOTTOM.
The Study of Birds, by E. M. NICHOLSON.

RELIGION.

Buddhism, by KENNETH SAUNDERS.
Early Christianity and Its Rivals, by S. H. BOX, D.D.
The Inquisition, by G. G. COULTON.
Church and State in England Since the Reformation.

HISTORY.

A History of Western Europe, 1453-1789, by SIR C. G. ROBERTSON.
English Economic History, by A. ELIZABETH LEVETT.
The Black Death, by G. G. COULTON.
The Indian States and Ruling Princes, by SIR S. LOW.
A History of London, by GORDON HOWE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Marriage, by E. WESTERMARCK.
A History of Music, by PERCY C. BUCK.
Dante, by CESARE FOLIGNO.

a fact, a justifiable inference and a guess? How can a historian interpret events if he knows nothing about either the body, the soul or the mind, but only about an abstraction called the economic or the political man? How, in short, can a man know everything about anything when he knows something about everything? If the professor fail him, the publishers are his only hope.

Unfortunately, the publishers are not too clear in their own minds what they are doing, and their chosen authors are sometimes less clear. Happily, in the volumes here considered, there are five brilliant exceptions.

These volumes are Sir Oliver Lodge's *Energy*, Mr. Westermarck's *Marriage*, Dr.

Digging up Bible History

By Katharine Woolley

With the end of February Mr. and Mrs. Woolley's excavations at Ur of the Chaldees terminated until next October, when it will be possible to resume work. The season has yielded wonderful results, and in this last instalment of her series of articles, Mrs. Woolley deals with the final discoveries of the excavations.



Mr. and Mrs. Woolley with some of their staff and workers at Ur. This photograph was taken on the last day of the season's excavations.

WHEN, about 2300 B.C., King Ur-Engur built his wall of Ur "like a mountain," as he boasts on his inscriptions, he enclosed within the great brick rampart all the higher ground of the town in such a fashion that the rampart served at the same time as a retaining wall for the terrace behind it, and while its sloping outer face stood twenty-six feet high the level of the town was only some fifteen feet below the wall-tops, and, with the years, gradually rose until it was flush with them. The houses which we found strung along the rampart were built about 2000 B.C. and they stood scarcely higher than the houses which faced them on the other side of the street.

UR'S DEFENCES.

IN one way the discovery of these houses was rather a shock; with so enormous a base one might have expected a more massive superstructure; but the truth is, probably, that the mud-brick base

was in itself ample protection for the town. Perhaps Ur-Engur had been more ambitious in his views, for we find loose bricks of his bearing inscriptions which assign them to the city wall and probably to its upper works, but in the part which we have dug, at any

rate, all traces of such have disappeared; and one remembers the Elamite invasion which overthrew his dynasty, those mountain warriors would not fail to dismantle the fortifications of the city. In Abraham's time, for that is the period to which the extant remains belong, Ur seems to have been content to rely for



bulwarks on the close-set houses of its private citizens. The houses stand on and form part of the wall, they were built by Royal order to a definite plan, but, none the less, they are private houses; the ground-plan shows this, and so does the presence of graves below their floors.

As in the residential quarter which we excavated two years ago, so here there are graves under every house; sometimes a brick tomb which would serve as a family vault, being opened afresh as each member of the household died, sometimes a clay coffin for an individual; in one room there lay, under the brick pavement, clay bowls in each of which there were one or two bodies of little children.

Business documents written on clay were also found, each enclosed for filing in a clay envelope on which was written an abstract of the contents, and these, too, prove the

private character of the buildings.

THE LAST PAY DAY.

IT was a fine performance to unearth so much in so short a time, and the men all worked with passionate enthusiasm. Not content with this, they ended up the day with a great song and dance, brandishing their curved knives in the air, stamping their feet, circling round and round and getting more and more excited—a war-dance, but indulged in on other cheerful occasions—until they sank exhausted.

They have worked splendidly all the time, and the last fortnight has been particularly hard for them, for it has been Ramadan, the fasting month, and they neither eat, drink nor smoke from half past two in the morning until half an hour after sunset, and the weather has been growing hotter and more dusty every day. This day all debts had to be settled up (for many of them bank with us and others draw wages in advance) and after many good-byes and pious hopes for October, when we all meet again, the men wandered back to their tents.

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Above. A number of the clay pots which were dug up at Ur. They are being sorted out for packing. In the lower photograph some idea may be obtained of the extent and depth of the excavations in the cemetery area at Ur.

"The Play's the Thing"

In some quarters it is considered that the dramatic critic gives insufficient space to the artistes and devotes too much attention to the play.

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

THE ACTOR—AND THE AUTHOR.

NO, if it is for the public that this writer is concerned, I venture to say he can make his mind quite easy; so far as it asks for a critical judgment, that demand is directed to a general all-round verdict. If for the actors, they are surely well enough recognised, not only in the way of written notices but through the numerous other channels of publicity, undreamed of in older days, that are now open to them.

Now if it were the authors . . . that is a different matter. I do think they have occasionally some ground for dissatisfaction. Looking down the columns of a daily paper that everyone consults for the list of current shows, I find that out of forty announcements of plays, only nineteen give the name of the dramatist, though in almost every case the principal actors are mentioned. Among the pieces thus strangely anonymous are *Journey's End*, *Berkeley Square*, *Her Past*, *Her Shop* and *Burlesque*.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HUMOUR.

HAVING made which few mild comments on what seems to me an exaggerated claim on behalf of acting and actors, I will now proceed to say what an extremely important share actors and acting can have in the success or otherwise of a show. A certain kind of piece in particular, *viz.*, the deliberately humorous. There is no question that it is immensely more difficult to write a funny play than a serious one.

Humour is one of the rarest gifts of the gods, far more uncommon than beauty, eloquence, courage, virtue, or even what Barrie once called the immortal, immoral quality of charm. It is one of those things, like the art of making a fire, a salad or a cocktail, that everyone believes he possesses and only about one per cent. have an inkling of. And even for the thus exceptionally endowed, there attends the further task of putting the accomplishment across in the dramatic form.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

IN other words, keeping it up for a whole three acts without ever being merely boisterous or frankly boring. For there is this further handicap on the stage humorist, that, whereas the writer of drama, however tragic, is allowed a certain modicum of

A WRITER in one of the leading papers devoted to the stage has been complaining that dramatic critics of to-day pay but scant notice to the acting of plays, the treatment of which he describes as "perfunctory and absurdly disproportionate." He goes on to search for reasons for this modern thrusting of the actor into a secondary place.

One he finds in a change of conditions; the dramatic repertory of the past was limited, so that only on the acting could critics spread themselves, whereas plays now have claims that they never had before. Another reason given is that dramatic criticism in its present form "aims more than ever at being readable": *ergo*, the acting gets less and less attention.

MORE CRITICISM WANTED.

BOTH these claims may be correct, but what do they prove? Certainly not that the attention given to acting is inadequate, even if less is actually written about it. All the contention really amounts to is that nowadays, to the critic, "the play's the thing"—and is not that, as Hamlet also put it, a consummation devoutly to be wished? The writer further expresses an opinion that the public wants more criticism of acting; but how does that square with the idea that it is making criticisms more "readable" which has pushed acting to the wall? As a matter of fact, what the public mainly wants to know is, whether the show is a good one of its kind; it is quite prepared

to "wait and see" about the acting and such details.

I do not think actors and actresses, or anyone else on their behalf, need consider that they or their work are unduly neglected to-day. Never, I believe, was the outstanding merit of any performance by any one of them more promptly and gladly recognised, even if it be done in fewer words than were permissible in the spacious and loquacious days of Clement Scott.

True, many excellent performances are on occasion perforce left unspecified, but then it must be remembered that the standard of acting has also risen so greatly that the merely excellent is not remarkable. And why should it be specially commented on? Is it so astonishing and worthy of remark that "servants of the public" who have chosen acting as their profession should prove themselves efficient at their job?



"Wake Up and Dream," the new Cochran Revue at the London Pavilion is, like its predecessors, a huge success. Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews in the number, "Looking at You."



A 400 B.C. episode of "Wait Until It's Bedtime," a number in which Tilly Losch and Toni Birkmayr play, in the revue "Wake Up and Dream."



"Porgy," the new American play at His Majesty's Theatre. The question of a cheap divorce crops up in Catfish Row.

"comic relief," the professed progenitor of comedy or farce is not permitted to stray into serious paths even for a single second without grave danger of upsetting the whole carefully composed apple-cartful of red-cheeked frivolity.

Here is a problem of infinitely delicate poise, and one which clearly depends for its proper solution on actor often almost as much as author. For—there is no denying it—it is much easier to be weighty than light, and a good substantial soundly-written serious play will go a long way towards "acting itself," given actors of ordinary competence (who are, as I have said, so much more numerous now than aforesaid). But when you come to the omelets and soufflés and whipped cream of drama, the touch of a heavy hand may flatten out the airy nothing completely and reduce it to a dull and sodden mess.

WHERE THE ACTOR COMES IN.

CAN you imagine, for example, any but the right person, which is Miss Marie Tempest, giving its proper value to that above-mentioned trifle *Her Shop*? Nor can I picture to myself what would happen to *The Man in Dress Clothes* if Mr. Seymour Hicks were not its protagonist, or to *Little Accident* if there were no such person in the cast as Mr. Lynne Overman.

Let us take this rather charming young American first, since Mr. Hicks is an old friend, and always sure of a welcome—in addition to which his play (adapted by himself from the French) is also an acquaintance of a good many years' standing.

Mr. Overman, who had already won our hearts in the past by his ingenious ingenuities in *Getting Married* and the less successful *The Hottentot* (which I confess to having liked solely for his sake) has brought to the Apollo, it is true, another American play, and the American invasion is not to be too enthusiastically encouraged by any true devotee of BRITANNIA.

ALL ABOUT A BABY.

THE play is all about a baby, and an illegitimate baby at that—what our solemn Victorian grandfathers and grandmothers used to call, perhaps more wisely

than they knew, a "natural" child. News of its birth arrives to Raymond Beckwith (otherwise Mr. Overman) at a rather awkward moment, since he is its father and is to be married on the following day to a girl who is not its mother.

Not that he is a thoroughly bad lad—oh no, quite the contrary. Again and again he has begged this Isabel, whom he really loves, to marry him, but she is an art student determined to "live her own life" uncramped by the soul-destroying ties of marriage and all that sort of thing. And he is so incorrigibly domestic—hence the other engagement. But this news of the baby sends him hot-foot to the nursing home, only to learn that Isabel has made all arrangements to have it promptly adopted and got rid of for ever, and so start leading her own life and so on all over again with the minimum of interruption.

A COMIC GENIUS.

BUT is youthful Poppa (however illegitimate) standing for this kind of heartless stuff? He is not. He promptly kidnaps the baby and is next found in a boarding house feeding it on tomato juice and other things he finds in a book. So that eventually even the baby's mother is so much moved by his ridiculous efforts that she consents to give up her career and make an honest father of him after all, to the confusion of his legitimate fiancée and at least one other ambitious to make him a real and proper home.

Like my criticised colleagues, I usually consider the play more

worth talking about than the acting, but Mr. Overman's performance does certainly deserve some special mention, not to say superlatives. He is, in his own line, a genius—by which I mean that he has not only perhaps an infinite capacity for taking pains but the power of producing the finished article without any token of the previous effort.

His method is indeed the perfection of fluent ease, and he is one of the very few American visitors to our stage whom I should be very glad to see adopted into our fraternity. To act successfully in farce, however these lighter matters be decried, is the rarest (though I do not say the most valuable) accomplishment of all.

THE GREATNESS OF MR. HICKS.

THAT art Mr. Seymour Hicks most certainly has. I should like to see him much more often. The other night I had the opportunity of watching his admirable performance at the Lyceum in *The Man in Dress Clothes*, which is, frankly, rather a poor thing, but Mr. Hicks makes it his own and transforms it to something very nearly alive. Yes, this is cheap French farce, with not even (in its English version) the usual indecent wit, but this actor puts into it so much of his own personality that it becomes a very pleasant evening's entertainment.



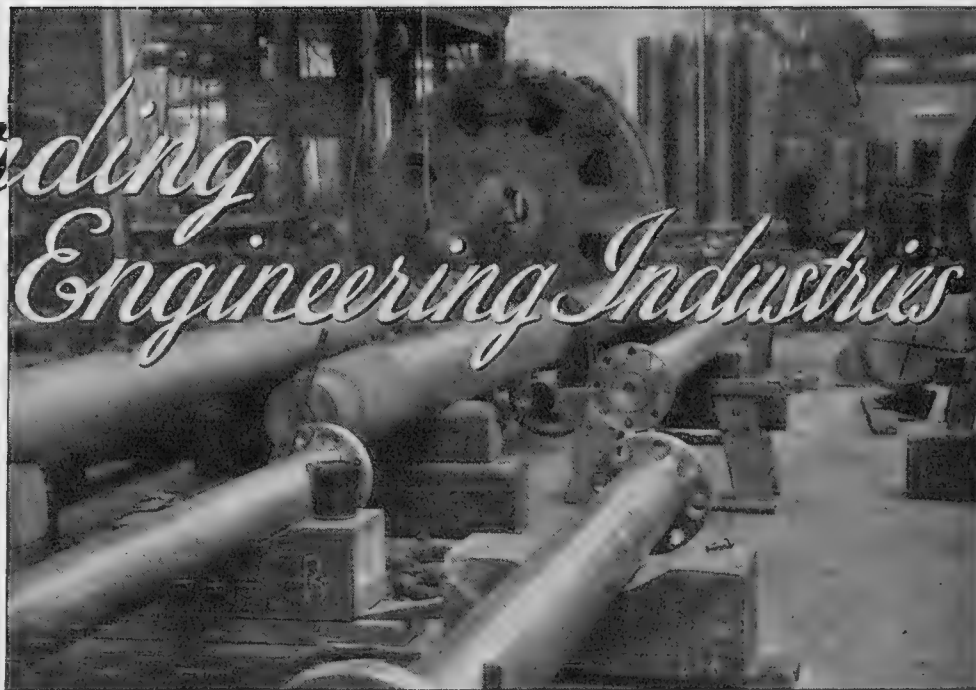
Bess (Evelyn Ellis) gives the murderer Crown (Jack Carler) money to use during his enforced period of hiding



Porgy (Frank Wilson) prevents "Sporting Life" (Percy Verwayne) from giving dope to Bess (Evelyn Ellis), who has determined to give up her evil ways.

Safeguarding the Engineering Industries

It is a necessity in the Engineering Trade, as in many other industries, to apply the principles of Safeguarding in order to meet unfair foreign competition in the home market.



LOOKED at in the big, from the true national point of view, there is no ethically and economically sound substitute for the employment of the people. It is from this standpoint that we view the question of safeguarding British industries.

The enormous range and ever changing variety of the products of the home engineering industry, the number of foreign sources from which competitive goods are imported into this country, and the wide differences in the economic and other conditions obtaining in these foreign countries make it impossible to deal with the engineering industry, as a whole, under the provisions of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. This disability, however, would not necessarily be met in the case of some individual sections of the industry, or of some particular articles of manufacture.

The engineering industry is suffering less from foreign competition in the home market than from the inability to maintain a large enough volume of export trade, in consequence of our relatively high costs of production and distribution. Nevertheless, our imports of machinery are far from being inconsiderable; their annual value amounting to about a third of the value of our exports of machinery. Last year we imported, from foreign countries, machinery to the value of nearly £15½ millions.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

IT is true that these imports consist in part of highly specialised and costly machinery, the manufacture of which in this country has not yet been sufficiently developed to be competitive, but by far the larger part—probably 75-80 per cent.—could and should be manufactured in this country. The relatively high grade of these machinery imports is shown by the fact that, last year, they had an average value of £170 per ton, whereas the average value of our exported machinery was only £95 per ton. This is an unsatisfactory state of affairs, revealing an unexploited valuable field for highly skilled labour, but as the initiation of the manufacture of highly specialised machinery is a costly and risky business in the early stages, it might be necessary to give the encouragement and support of some measure of protection in such cases.

In the House of Commons on Thursday, November 15th, 1928, in the course of the debate on Mr. Snowden's Safeguarding

Amendment to the Address, Sir L. Worthington Evans announced that a permanent Tribunal would be set up by the President of the Board of Trade. The Government would not be bound by the findings of the Tribunal, and any duty recommended would come before the House in the Finance Bill.

The questions to be decided by the Tribunal would be as follows:—

Whether foreign goods of the class or description to which this application related were being imported into and retained for consumption in the United Kingdom in quantities substantial in proportion to domestic consumption.

Whether employment was being or was likely to be seriously affected by the competition.

Whether the foreign goods so imported were manufactured in the country of origin under unfair or inferior conditions of hours or wages.

Whether the industry in this country could materially increase its present output.

Whether the applicant industry was being carried on with reasonable efficiency and economy.

Whether the imposition of a duty on goods of the class or description in question might exert a seriously adverse effect on cost of production in any other productive industry.

Whether, having regard to these conditions, the applicant industry had in the opinion of the Committee established a claim to a duty, and if so, what rates would be reasonably sufficient to countervail the unfair competition.

It will be seen that, under the proposed New Procedure, the applicant industry would not be required to prove that it is an industry of substantial importance, or to demonstrate that competitive foreign goods are being imported into and retained for consumption in the United Kingdom in abnormal quantities. It would only have to show that such imports are substantial in proportion to domestic consumption.

IMPORTANCE OF IRON AND STEEL.

THE extent to which engineering is directly interested in the consequences of the safeguarding of iron and steel, is indicated by the fact that it consumes about 30 per cent. of the total quantities of iron and

steel, both home and foreign, consumed in this country.

On the average, iron and steel represent from 13 to 15 per cent. of the selling value of the products of engineering industry.

For the purpose of this calculation, these products embrace all machinery (including electrical and marine machinery) road and rail locomotives, motor vehicles, and the output of engineering foundries.

According to the last Census of Production the total value of this engineering output in 1924 was over £317½ millions.

The engineering industry is, therefore, fully alive to the importance of the iron and steel industry to this country, and the necessity of maintaining it in a state of such vitality, that it not only can satisfy the requirements of the present, but also keep pace with the march of progress.

Nevertheless, those engaged in the engineering trades are naturally concerned primarily with the protection and promotion of their own interests, and they are compelled to regard the safeguarding of iron and steel from that viewpoint. Foreign competition is very keen, and engineering firms are working on very small margins.

It is a fact becoming more and more widely recognised that nothing reduces the cost of production per unit so much as the increase in the value of output. Whilst important enough in themselves the effects of wages rates, hours of working and standing charges, on the cost of production per unit, are small as compared with the effects of output.

One of the most important causes of the present unfortunate state of some of our industries is insufficient and irregular output; in other words, too small a proportion of the economic productive capacity is steadily employed. The home market as a means of raising output to the profit earning point is, therefore, of the utmost importance to these industries and their workpeople. Hence the necessity of safeguarding our industries from unfair foreign competition in the home market.

By D. A. Bremner, O.B.E.

(Director of the British Engineers Association (Inc.))

The Fool of the Family

By W. HAROLD THOMSON

The Story of a Dog who wouldn't work and how he achieved happiness

THAT was what certain unsympathetic humans called him, even when he was a pup of tender weeks, and, accompanied by his brothers and sisters, spent most of his time in the farm-yard. His own mother, though she did her duty by him, and gave him many a correcting cuff or nip, seemed to hold him as being of small account, saying, one would imagine:

"Why are you so different from the others? One thing I know—you'll never be the collie your father was."

It was one of the farmer's sons who introduced me to Chris—as the youngster had been named—and he was inclined to shake his head and to be gloomily prophetic.

"This one will never do any good, I'm afraid," he said. "Nice little blighter, but a fool. Always doing the wrong thing and getting in everybody's way. And the rest of the pups pull his leg, so to speak. They pinch his food and his toys, and rag the life out of him. Funny thing is he doesn't seem to care."

Despite that criticism, I liked Chris, and I have the conceited fancy that he liked me. Anyway, we got on very well together, and if he were a trifle lazy as compared with the other members of the family, I thought none the worse of him for that. It was, indeed, something of a bond between us.

"I don't care what they say about you," I told him when we parted. "You may be the fool of the family, but folly has more heart in it than cleverness. See you soon again."

His round, brown, and, at the moment, polite eyes said: "I hope so, I'm sure." Then he lay down, and, with a languidly moving paw, drew towards his mouth a bone which one of his brothers had forgotten to bury.

ISOMETIMES wonder why Chris was allowed to stay on at the farm, for as he grew in age, and bodily strength, and grace, he remained useless. The only trouble he took was to get into it, but I am bound to say that he carried each roguish escapade off with gallantry and a lovable cheerfulness. Nobody could train him to help with the sheep, and when his sisters and his two brothers were out in the world doing well for themselves, rearing families, and more than earning their keep, he remained at home with his hands in his pockets.

"The trouble with that idiot," his owner said to me while Chris was shoving his cold nose into my hand and, as I thought, winking at me, "is that he's got no brains. That's what the trouble is with Mr. Blooming Chris. No brains! Oh, he can be lively enough after a hare, and he knows a dam' sight too well where the larder is, but—no! he was born with a want in his head. Dashed if I know why we keep him, and I've a mind to have him shot. I feel like doing it now, but there's not a cartridge in the place, and won't be till they come down from London."

I was glad of that, and glad, too, when,

"Dashed if I know why we keep him, and I've a mind to have him shot."



Illustrated
by G. E. Studdy.

an hour or so later, a visitor to the farmhouse, who had come there for the first time (and with a horse-buying deal in prospect) fell in love with Chris at first sight and offered to pay for him whatever his master thought reasonable. The visitor was a young woman with whom I had a slight acquaintanceship—though she was highly placed and of quite absurd wealth.

"You buy Chris even if you don't buy the horse," I urged her. "The collie may be a fool, but he's a good sort, and I'll bet he'd be loyal to anyone who showed him a bit of affection."

CHRIS was rubbing himself against one of my legs while I said that, but of course he did not understand. At least, I don't suppose that he did. However that may be, he went off with the young and rich girl, and when he was in her car and I was shaking his paw in an *au revoir*, I knew, somehow, that he did not in the least mind leaving his birth-place and his bones-bank somewhere in the vegetable garden.

When the car had disappeared, the farmer said to me:

"Can you lick *that* for a queer turn? There was I thinking about shooting the dog—and instead of having to waste the time, and the trouble, and the cartridge, I'm free of him, and two pounds to the good. . . . I only hope she doesn't bring him back, for I won't take him, and yet I don't want to offend her."

But the new owner of Chris did not bring him back to the farm. On the contrary, she discovered that where she and he were concerned, first was going to be last love. When she invited me to go out to see him I accepted gladly.

WHEN I last saw Chris—it was only a few days ago—I realised that he was growing a little grey about the muzzle, and that his eyes were not quite so bright as they had been once. But he had a jaunty air about him still—and his paws were still in his pockets.

"Well, you old scoundrel!" I said to him. "How goes it? Still the fool of the family?"

He pretended to pay no attention to me then, but when he and I were alone he wriggled his nose on to one of my feet, and looked up at me with laughter in his eyes. It is my folly, no doubt, but I found myself trying to translate what he was saying to me. I think that he was saying something like this:

"Fool of the family, was I? Well, we'll let that go!

"All I know is that if my brothers and sisters are still living, they are working, as one might say, like dogs. Do I do that? Not a bit of it! I know too much to work—always did! I hope that the others are happy, for I am."

What are you going to do with a dog like that? . . . Love him, I suppose.

Springtime in Art

By R. H. WILENSKI

SPRINGTIME — the loveliest moment of the year—has made a great appeal to artists in all countries from earliest Christian times. At first the painters and sculptors represented the idea by a male figure symbolising some occupation of the season; in the Renaissance the figure became a gracious girl symbolising the season itself; and in modern times artists have tried to depict the characteristic appearance of spring landscapes.

FAMOUS SPRING MASTERPIECE.

BOTTICELLI'S "Primavera" in Florence is by far the most famous of all pictures of "Spring." The arrangement of the picture was based on a verbal allegory by a contemporary poet, one Angelo Poliziano, who was a favourite of the famous Medici, Lorenzo the Magnificent. It depicts the Court of Love set in an orange grove. A draped figure, the Queen of Love, typifying fecundity, stands in the centre; on her right the Three Graces join hands and dance; on her left is Spring, bearing flowers in her lap and Flora with rosebuds and anemones falling from her lips; beyond the Graces we see Mercury in red buskins plucking a fruit from the tree, and behind Flora we see Zephyr the South Wind about to embrace her; above the Queen a Cupid flies in the air and shoots an arrow at Mercury—wherein is concealed some allusion to Giuliano de Medici's love for La Bella Simonetta, whose beauty inspired the facial type in so much of Botticelli's work.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

THOUGH this glorious picture is overlaid with all this allegory and with flattery to the Medici court, it contains within itself the very spirit and grace of spring. I know nothing in painting that approaches music more closely than the dancing group of the Three Graces—and that music is essentially a Spring Song. Then there is a point in the decoration of spring flowers embroidered on Primavera's dress that has escaped many admirers. For the flowers are not individual blossoms but complete plants, and the artist has drawn them, roots and all, just as we buy them to-day with such delight at this season and set them in our window boxes or our gardens.

TORTURED MINDS.

IT is sad to remember that the artist who painted this pure and exquisite picture fell later under the influence of the religious zealot Savonarola and tortured his mind to a point when he regarded all his paintings of this kind as productions of sin. About

How the great artists have treated Spring in their masterpieces is the subject of the following article by our art critic



Botticelli's masterpiece, "Primavera," which is the most famous of all pictures of Spring. It may be seen at Florence, where it will be found in the Old and Modern gallery.

ten years after this picture was painted Savonarola organised the celebrated bonfire of works of non-religious art in Florence, and Botticelli flung many of his pictures into the flames. Fortunately the "Birth of Venus" and this incomparable "Primavera"—which were safe in the Medici Palace—escaped. But Botticelli never returned to this manner of work.

THE MONTHS IN ART.

IHAVE said above that the earlier Christian artists depicted Spring as a male figure engaged in some occupation of the season. This can be seen on the Gothic Cathedrals, where it was the custom to carve a series of figures representing the months and seasons.

Thus on the North porch at Chartres we have a complete series of months. January is a two-headed figure with one bearded head typifying the old year and the other beardless head typifying the new one; February is a peasant warming himself by the fire, March a peasant pruning his vine, April a peasant holding ears of corn, May a Knight holding a falcon, June a peasant sharpening his scythe, July a peasant crossing a river with a sheaf of corn on his back, August a peasant making hay, September a peasant treading the wine in a tub, October a peasant sowing seeds, November a peasant catching acorns and giving them to baby pigs, and December a peasant killing a boar.

In this simplicity of concept compared with the elaborate allegory of Botticelli we have all the difference between the spirit of Gothic art and the spirit of the Renaissance; and modern

art, which has received both as an heritage, swings now to one ideal and now to the other.

TITIAN AND REMBRANDT.

TITIAN'S "Flora," in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, was painted thirty years after Botticelli's "Primavera," and Rembrandt's "Saskia as Flora," belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch and recently lent by him to the Dutch Exhibition, was painted about a hundred and twenty years after Titian's.

An old lady at the Dutch Exhibition, before Rembrandt's "Saskia as Flora" is reported to have said: "Why do they give the picture such a silly title? Anyone can see it is really meant to be Ophelia"; and the same old lady before Titian's picture might be pardoned were she to say: "Anyone can see that this should be called 'A Lady at her Toilet.'" For the truth is that neither Titian nor Rembrandt was imbued with the spirit of the subject as the Gothic sculptors and Botticelli had been.

The model for Titian's "Flora" was the beautiful woman known as "La Bella," whom he also painted for his celebrated "Venus." The artist was exclusively concerned with creating a pictorial equivalent for the dazzling whiteness and magnificent form of the model before him, and its relation to the title of the picture was quite a secondary concern. In the

same way Rembrandt's picture is primarily a study of his wife in fancy dress. Saskia, it is true, is dressed up as "Flora," she is young and to that extent an embodiment of spring; but the artist was more concerned with the dramatic light and shade than with any attempt to convey the essence of springtime as it is conveyed to us so exquisitely by Botticelli.



"Saskia as Flora," by Rembrandt, was recently on view at the Dutch Exhibition at Burlington House.

The three pictures represent three stages of mental progress. Botticelli's "Primavera" expresses the fine culture and mental torment of Savonarola's Florence; Titian's "Flora" expresses the luxury, the magnificence and self-content of Venice at the height of her glory and success. Rembrandt's "Flora" is a light and shade copy of a model on a studio throne.

"BLOSSOMS."

ALBERT MOORE'S "Blossoms" in the Tate Gallery—which might equally well have been entitled "Spring"—was painted two hundred and fifty years after Rembrandt's "Saskia as Flora." It was an attempt to translate the Flora in Botticelli's picture into terms of the Elgin Marbles. It was at once influenced by Leighton, who had been elected President of the Academy three years before it was painted, and a challenge to the new President and the Academy which had always refused to elect Moore as an Associate.

Whistler was at one time much influenced by Moore and greatly admired his work. In his pastels of nudes and in certain schemes of decoration he carried Moore's art a stage further away from Leighton's pseudo-classicism to the true classicism of generalised form and architectural relations; and I have seen a nude by Moore which in its turn reflected the influence of Whistler.

ORCHARDS IN BLOOM.

MOORE'S "Blossoms" could be called "Spring" by reason of the fruit blossom that forms the background of the picture; and countless Chinese and Japanese paintings, woodcuts, and drawings, and decorations in lacquer and on porcelain can be called symbolical of spring in the same way.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese base their art on a symbolism that suggests the nature of the whole by an exquisite statement of a part; and in this Far Oriental art we often find the growth and delicacy of spring typified in a single branch of plum blossom or one opening flower.

In modern European art the painters try to reproduce the effect of a whole orchard radiant in pink and white blossom, and it is hard to say that they succeed as well in their naturalistic method as the Orientals have succeeded with their symbolism.



"When Nature Painted All Things Gay," by the late Alfred Parsons, R.A., a modern impression of Spring.

VAN GOGH AND PARSONS.

VAN GOGH, the Dutch Post-Impressionist who belongs properly to the French school, made several gallant efforts to record his excitement at the spectacle of orchards in full bloom. But we feel that his excitement was a little unmeasured. There is no man or woman I imagine whose pulse does not beat faster for a moment at the sudden sight of an orchard in spring; but most forms of insanity are merely normal reactions unduly intensified or in some way uncontrolled; Van Gogh's excitement gives a pulsating quality to his pictures, but it is not the measured pulse of life; his orchards burst into flower, and shrill a chorus of pale tints, but the evanescent delicacy of nature is not there; nor in its place is there the measured harmony of art.

"THE FAIRY RING."

FROM the landscape called "When Nature Painted All Things Gay" (which should have been called "Spring") by Alfred Parsons we receive a contrary impression. Here the artist seems to have reacted with something less than normal excitement to the fruit trees in blossom, and as the picture is also lacking in aesthetic stimulus, the result is rather tame.

I like better the spring picture which Mr. J. Enraght Moony calls "The Fairy Ring," because here the artist's delight in the spring has been translated into terms of artistic harmony and a moving serenity results. This picture was shown recently in the exhibition which Sir Joseph Duveen arranged on the *Berengaria*, and there it scored considerable success. Moony is an Irishman who lives in Cornwall. He has a picture in the Chicago Art Gallery, but none in the Tate.

NATURE AND ART.

THESE pictures of "Spring"

raise all the most difficult and most vexed questions of aesthetic. It is certain that our appreciation of nature and our appreciation of art are not one and the same thing; and it may well be that they are not even allied, but essentially opposed.

When we look at a plum tree in blossom we know that it looks lovely, but we also know that, however still they may appear, the flowers are really moving, and that in a week, or hour, or a minute, they will fall to the ground; and we also know that, when they have fallen, they will be replaced by fruit—unless a late frost does particularly drastic work.

When we look at a Japanese drawing of a branch of a plum tree in flower, we are not tempted to believe it a real

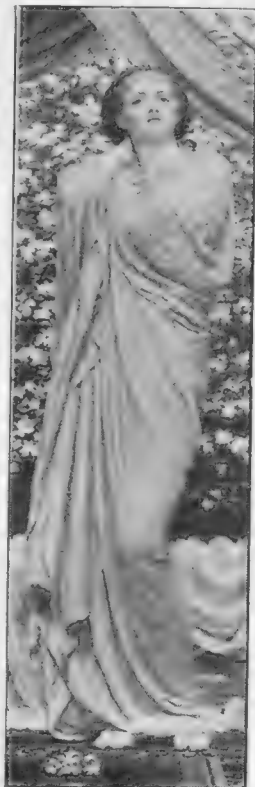
bough or a real blossom; we are forced to regard it, primarily, as a statement of an appreciation of the plum branch by someone other than ourselves—the artist; when we look at a Western naturalistic painting of an orchard we are tempted to compare it with our recollection of similar scenes; and, when we look at Botticelli's "Primavera" half our pleasure derives from association of ideas, just as it does when we look at an orchard in real life.

Examples might be multiplied to demonstrate the extreme complication of our reactions to the glories of spring in nature and to the imitations of, and symbols for, those glories as they appear in art. We know, roughly, why we find certain things in nature beautiful, but it is much more difficult to give reasons for the appreciation we have for particular pictures. They produce in our minds certain reactions to which there is a ready response, but we do not know exactly what those reactions are. If we could solve the riddles of these reactions we should have solved the riddle of aesthetic and really know what we mean by "art."

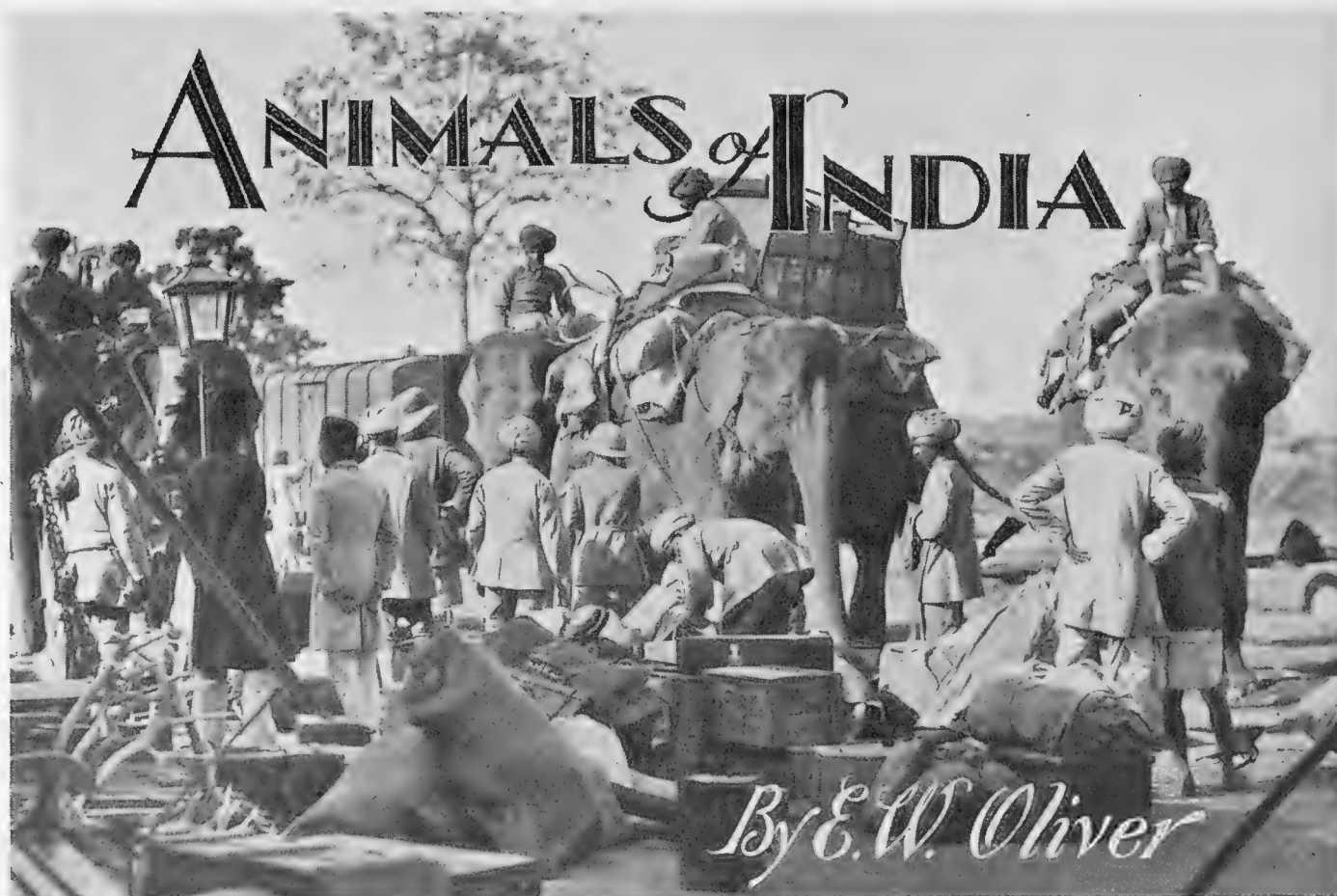
But it is fortunate that we have not yet reached that knowledge—for there would be nothing for me to write about, and there would probably be no more pictures of "Spring" or anything else.



In "The Fairy Ring" J. Enraght Moony translates his delight in Spring into terms of artistic harmony.



Albert Moore's "Blossoms," which could have been appropriately called "Spring."



Elephants, which respond quickly to the wiles of the trainer, are widely used for haulage purposes as well as for carrying passengers and luggage.

Transport problems in India are very different from those in England, and the methods employed vary.

Mr. E. W. Oliver, M.R.C.V.S., who was at one time Veterinary Adviser to the Indian Government, writes of some of the animals which are used and of the life of a veterinary surgeon in that vast country.

INDIA possesses a greater variety of animals under domestication than any other country in the world, each fulfilling some useful purpose in the economic life of the community.

In this enormous continent, with its hundreds of millions of human inhabitants, three-fifths of whom are of the agricultural class living entirely on the produce of the land they till, the value of the livestock cannot be over-estimated. To the East the beasts of burden are what machinery (with electricity and steam) is to the advanced civilisation of the West.

POWERS OF THE ELEPHANT.

THE stately elephant is made use of in many ways, and in some of the dense forest tracks he is practically the only means of transport through the pathless jungle, which he helps to clear. He will haul the massive timber logs and stack them with almost human skill and mathematical accuracy.

He bears the hunter in pursuit of game, large and small, standing staunch before a charging tiger or collecting shot birds with the intelligence of an English retriever. Sometimes he is asked to act as a ferry boat and carry passengers across a swollen river, and in days gone by was called upon to fill the part of executioner.

Next the camel. It is hardly possible to imagine what could take the place of this ungainly beast in the arid sandy tracts of the plains, where it conveys all the merchandise and passengers across country when no other means of locomotion exists and where other animals would die of heat and thirst.

The equine family, ranging from the stately carriage horse and hunter to the humble washerman's donkey, all have their place in the community, and the mule is one of the most useful baggage carriers on account of his surefootedness and hardihood, especially in the mountains, where he can safely negotiate the narrow bridle paths where a false step means death. He is used extensively to carry the guns of the hill batteries of artillery.

ALL-IMPORTANT OXEN.

THE oxen of India, however, play the greatest part in India's commercial and agricultural life. In the country they plough the land, tread out the corn, and draw water from the wells for irrigation. They are made to turn the sugar and cotton mills, and perform many minor duties; whilst their dung is sun-dried and makes a valuable fuel in places where there is little or no wood.

In the towns and cities the bullock cart fills the place of the commercial lorries in European countries. The buffalo is heavier

than the zebu and can draw surprisingly heavy loads. The buffalo cow has a high dairy value and produces a large yield of milk of good butter-making quality from which is made "Ghi," a great dietary of the Indian and especially used in cooking.

In the snow-covered tracts of the extreme north, the Yak or Thibetan Ox is the only means of transport that can work and survive the extreme temperatures.

The humble goat is the poor man's friend and the domestic milk-giver of the multitudes. Indeed, there is hardly a village that does not possess one. Some of the varieties, especially those from the banks of the Jumna, have enormous milk-producing capacity and are exported to other countries for breeding to increase the yield of other breeds.

Even the much despised and miserable little sheep have a mission beyond wool and mutton, and flocks may be seen winding their way down the wild steep hillsides in the Himalaya loaded with little bags of salt, borax or other merchandise, from as far off as Nepal or Thibet.

PRESERVING ANIMAL LIFE.

IN this great country where severe tropical disease prevails, and where the climate tends to degeneration of almost any breed, the necessity of some means for the protection and preservation of its animal wealth is obvious; that is, to combat disease, lessen mortality, and maintain or improve the quality of the existing breeds.

In bygone days the animal mortality was enormous from epidemics, famines, and a host of other causes. The people themselves did little or nothing to avert it. It was "Kismet," and they relied chiefly on charms, incantations, sacrifices, and prayers.

Less than thirty years ago the Government resolved to take steps to improve this state of affairs and created a department in each Presidency or Province to better the conditions of animal welfare. The arrangements were on a very small scale, and even now the staff engaged to deal with animal preservation is inadequate. Each of these departments is under the direction of a highly qualified and specially trained British veterinary officer, who is assisted by one or two others and a staff of Indian assistants, trained at one or other of the Indian Colleges.

These men are located at the headquarters of the revenue districts, some being in charge of an animal hospital where patients may be brought, while others are supplied with instruments and remedies and tour the surrounding country, advising owners and dispensing medicines. A variety of duties other than these have to be undertaken, the most important responsibility being the suppression of the epidemic diseases which from time to time sweep the country.

TREATING 1,000,000 CASES.

SOMETIMES these plagues have their origin in the Nepal jungles and wilds of Thibet and often appear from the Southern Forest tracts. The director of the depart-



Oxen are able to haul amazingly heavy loads. A Bombay waggon is seen with a bulky consignment of timber.



A fine bullock "ekka," in which Delhi ladies are fond of travelling.

is impossible, owing to strong religious prejudices and the belief in the sacredness of the ox.

Animals having succumbed to infectious disease must be burnt or buried in lime, and the hides are slashed to prevent exhumation, as the village chumar or leather worker takes all hides as his perquisite and resents being deprived of them on hygienic grounds. In some seasons when

there is a scarcity, wholesale cases of cattle poisoning take place. Sometimes the poisoner is difficult to discover, but when he is, smart punishment is inflicted.

IMPROVING THE BREEDS.

THE next important duty of the Veterinary Department is in endeavouring to bring about improvements in animal breeding. Experimental farms have been established, and valuable stud horses and bulls are distributed to various centres and kept free for the use of the local stock breeders. The young stock is inspected and certificates issued describing their pedigrees, which greatly enhances the market value. The remount department of the army is allowed first call on young horses likely to be suitable for army purposes.

THE SACRED OX.

OWING to the ignorance and prejudices of the populace it is not easy to help them in their difficulties. Many rites and customs still exist which are believed to cure disease, sterility and other troubles.

Although the ox is regarded as a sacred animal, cases which appear to the Western mind to be appalling cruelty are met with.

The killing of an ox is to the Hindu a heinous crime and often results in inter-religious riots, yet many acts of cruelty such as starvation and beating are condoned.

Many other minor duties fall to the lot of this versatile, useful, but entirely under-manned department, amongst which are such diverse jobs as the sterilisation of undesirable males and the eradication of locusts.

ment receives continuous daily reports of the outbreaks or progress of existing disease, and at his headquarters, or in his camp, charts are maintained and flagged every day to indicate any increase or abatement and show in which direction the spread is taking place.

The very virulent and extensive outbreaks are dealt with by mass inoculation. A small army of inoculators get to work with the object of creating an immune barrier in front of the oncoming scourge.

A very extensive laboratory was built some years ago in the hills for the preparation of the vaccines and sera used in these cases, and sometimes more than a million animals are treated during a year.

The stamping out system as adopted in this country



Remarkable intelligence and skill are displayed by elephants in hauling timber. Above one is busy in the Government teak yard at Rangoon piling logs of teak to be floated down the river.

Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA. The answers to the problems, which must be addressed to: The Bridge Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2, must reach this office not later than the Friday following publication. The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM XVI.

North.

♠ 6
♥ 8, 3
♦ A, K, 10, 7, 5, 4, 3
♣ A, K, 6

West.

East.

♠ K, 10, 5
♥ 9
♦ Q, J, 9, 8, 6
♣ Q, 10, 4, 3

South.

♠ A, Q, J, 9
♥ A, K, J, 10, 4, 2
♦ —
♣ 9, 5, 2

Hearts are trumps.

West leads the Diamond Queen.

South is to make Grand Slam (if he can) against any defence.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XIII.

♠ J, 8, 4, 2.
♥ 10, 4.
♦ A, 10, 3.
♣ A, Q, 7, 5.

North

West

South

East

♠ A, Q, 10, 5, 3.
♥ A, Q, 5, 3.
♦ 7, 6, 4, 2.
♣ —

South bids a spade; West, Two clubs; North, two spades; East, three hearts; South, three spades. Closed.

Trick. WEST. NORTH. EAST. SOUTH.

1 DK DA D5 D2
2 SK SJ H2 S3
3 DQ D3 DJ D4
4 D9 D10 H6 D6

How should South continue the play of the hand?

This, unlike many recently set, was an elementary problem, and it was gratifying to see how many correct solutions were received. There are two methods of playing the hand to make the contract of four spades.

At trick 5 North leads a Spade, which South takes. Now North can ruff the last Diamond, and lead back another Spade, taken by South, who then leads a low Spade, foisting the lead upon West although he is quite capable of drawing the 9 with the Ace.

West is now compelled to lead a Club, which enables North to

make two tricks in the black minor, and gives South the opportunity to lead Hearts from North's hand to his own major tenace through East's declared Heart strength.

The alternative method is to lead out three rounds of Spades, foisting the lead at trick 9 upon West with the last Diamond.

The whole problem, to dignify this exercise by this name, consists in reading West as void of Hearts, and forcing him to open Clubs to his own disadvantage. On the calling, it is inconceivable that he has less than five to the King, Jack, and as we know, from the fall of the cards, that East was void in Spades and had but two Diamonds, West is marked with four Spades, four Diamonds and at least five Clubs.

One or two competitors took two rounds of Spades, leaving one Spade at large in the West hand, and then ruffed the Diamond in North's hand. The Heart lead from North South played the Queen, which West ruffed, and was forced to lead a Club. This method of attack is easily defeated if West refuses to trump either of South's top two Hearts.

PROBLEM XIII.

Prize winners: R. B. Verdin, Moretons, Harrow; William Wike, 37, York Road, Birkdale, Southport, Lancs; B. Abdy Collins, Hospital for Tropical Diseases, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W. Jack L. Robinson, 33, St. Mary's Road, Ealing, W.; Frank Mead, Claire Vue, Chemin du Trabandan, Lausanne.

BRITANNIA Crosswords—No. 17.

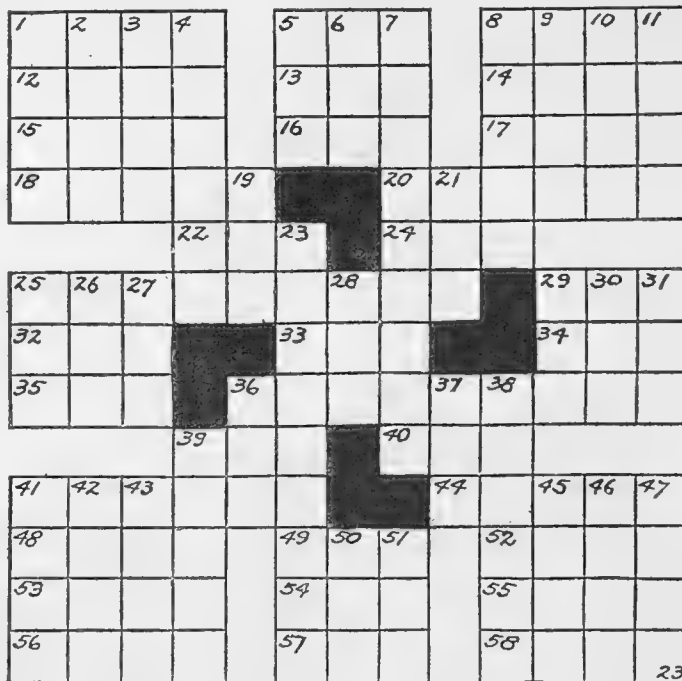
CLUES.

Across.—1, A muddled man or Turkish standard; 5, Head of asparagus; 8, Glade without an end; 12, Part of a periscope; 13, In heraldry, sinister or dexter; 14, A mixed tear; 15, Beheaded Northern Europeans; 16, Reverence; 17, W. Indian shrub; 18, Direct; 20, A barbarous fellow; 22, The turmeric; 24, Barrie character without beginning or end; 25, Hoover or Doumergue; 29, Belgian town; 32, The aeroplane's element; 33, Goes round for money; 34, "And you yourself shall keep the — of it" ("Hamlet"); 35, 3/4 of a Roman garment; 36, Resolve; 39, Half a cask; 40, Proper; 41, Most of a regiment; 44, African antelope; 48, Soon; 49, 3/4 of want; 52, American scent; 53, Hat (slang); 54, In "Macbeth" it was "They come"; 55, Kind of Decree; 56, Tots up; 57, A cap without beginning or end; 58, "— this way," the shopwalker.

Down.—1, Sacred bull of Egypt; 2, Ended a fortnight ago; 3, With B, a Swiss town;

A year's free subscription to BRITANNIA is offered for the first five correct solutions opened after closing date. Solutions must reach the Crossword Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, not later than the first post on Friday, April 19th. The Editor's decision is final.

4, Hoarders; 5, An instrument either way; 6, Maxim; 7, Thwarted; 8, "She looked as — as doomsday and as grave" (Tennyson); 9, Disembark; 10, Julius Caesar's sister; 11, Lady novelist's name; 19, Portuguese coin; 21, Emmet; 23, Fidelity; 25, A slight knock either way; 26, Nearly an uproar; 27, A topless mountain; 28, Consume; 29, Swiss sport; 30, Half a penny but not two farthings; 31, "Oui" or "Jah"; 36, Obscure; 37, Evergreen herb; 38, Make your ears wet; 39, Penalises; 41, With "pro" in proportion; 42, Female name; 43, In phisik is a cordial according to Chaucer; 45, Access; 46, "There is no sense in this clue" (hidden); 47, Fall drop by drop; 50, It is human to do this according to the Latin proverb; 51, Is traitor of the heart (Sir Thomas Wyatt).



ANSWERS TO "BRITANNIA" CROSSWORD No. 15.

Across.—1, Caper; 6, Ebb; 9, Abate; 14, Agave; 15, Are; 16, Laden; 17, Rites; 18, Rot; 19, Arias; 20, Elm; 21, Tonsils; 24, Emu; 25, Test; 27, Needy; 28, Ruse; 29, Rocs; 31, Erse; 33, Taboret; 36, Seepage; 40, Acute; 41, Moper; 42, Testate; 45, Trireme; 47, Edit; 48, Rust; 49, Brad; 52, Devil; 54, Scar; 58, Oil; 59, Perigee; 61, Obi; 62, Ovate; 64, Nog; 65, Valid; 67, Mates; 68, Ale; 69, Erode; 70, Sleet; 71, Lar; 72, Rarer.

Down.—1, Carot; 2, Agile; 3, Palms; 4, Eve; 5, Rest; 6, Earnest; 7, Brose; 8, Betides; 9, Alas; 10, Bar; 11, Adieu; 12,

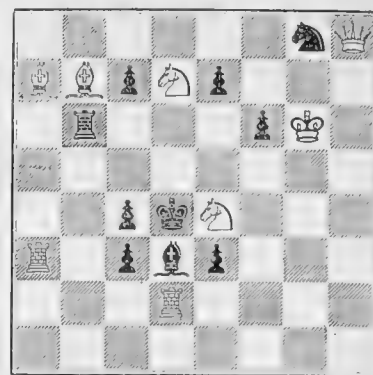
Teams; 13, Ensue; 22, Once; 23, Lyre; 26, Trotted; 28, Reports; 30, Oread; 32, Semis; 33, Tat; 34, Ace; 35, Bus; 37, Ape; 38, Gem; 39, Ere; 43, Tide; 44, Eternal; 45, Trigger; 46, Rule; 49, Booms; 50, Rival; 51, Alate; 53, Viola; 55, Color; 56, Abide; 57, Rider; 59, Pest; 60, Ever; 63, Tee; 66, Ara.

WINNERS OF CROSSWORD No. 14.
John W. Butters, 116, Coniston Drive, Edinburgh; Lieut.-Col. A. C. H. Dean, 9, Chelsea Embankment, London, S.W.3; Mrs. R. T. Hartigan, Royal George Hotel, Limerick; Miss E. J. Dixon, St. Ann's Heath, Virginia Water, Surrey; Rev. J. Somerville Wilson, The Manse, Duncairn, Belfast.

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 17 by NORRIS EASTER.



While to play and mate in three moves.

The scoring for the above in the Ladder Tourney will be four points for the key and one point for every forced White second move, short mates not counting. For a dual continuation, only one point will count.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed: Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Friday next. Due allowance will be made for overseas solvers.

Problem No. 15 (Challenger). Key B-B7. If KxB; 2 Q-Q4ch KxP; 3 P-R4. If PxP; 2 B-Q5ch, KxB; 3 Q-Q4. If P-B4; 2 B-B1, Black moves; 3 Q-Q5. If other; 2 Q-R4ch, K-Q6 (if K-B6; 3 B-R5); 3 Q-B4. A nice 3er, constructed with due regard to economy. There are a couple of models, and the quiet continuation after 1... P-B4, is very subtle, and finely conceived.

End-Game No. 13 (Kubbel): 8; 2R3Kt1; 7k; 8; 5b1K; 6p1; 6p1; 8. White to play and draw.

Solution to End-Game No. 12 (Kling): 1 RxBt, P-R8=Q; 2 RxB, Q-QB8; 3 R-KR6ch, QxR; 4 R-R6ch.

Selected Game.

Game No. 17. A delightful affair, with some bright play and a pretty ending. Played recently in Cambridge.

Queen's Pawn Opening.

White.	Black.
R. Goulding Brown.	I. T. Sifton.
1 P-Q4	Kt-KB3
2 P-QB4(a)	P-K3
3 Kt-QB3	P-Q4
4 B-Kt5	B-K2
5 P-K3	O-O
6 Kt-B3	P-B3(b)
7 BxKt	BxB
8 P-KR4	PxP
9 BxP	P-QKt4
10 B-Q3	P-KR3
11 P-KKt4	P-Kt3
12 P-Kt5	PxP
13 PxP	BxKtP
14 Kt-K5	K-Kt2
15 Q-B3	Kt-Q2
16 O-O-O	B-Kt2
17 KtXKBp	Q-K2(c)
18 R-R7ch	K-Kt1(d)
19 QR-R1	Kt-B3
20 Kt-R6ch	Resigns(e)

(a) This is considered to be stronger than Kt-KB3.

(b) In the last World Championship match, fourth game, Capablanca played 6... QKt-Q2.

(c) It would be fatal for Black to play 17... RxBt; for then follows: 18 R-R7ch, KxR; 19 QxRch, K-R1; 20 R-Rich, B-R5; 21 QxKtP, and mate in two moves.

(d) Forced, for if 18... KxR; mate in two by 19 Q-R5ch.

(e) And the Queen is lost, for if KxR; 21 Kt-B5 ch. A stimulating display by Mr. Goulding Brown.

Women's Section

Edited by Julia Cairns

The Indian Trousseau

Some helpful suggestions for those who are going East for the first time.

ALTHOUGH many of our leading shops keep a stock of thin clothes all the year round for the benefit of customers who are sailing for the tropics during the winter months there is, needless to say, a larger choice when purchases are made during the summer. Pleats and flounces look charming when new, but when they become crushed and soiled, it is often difficult and always expensive to have them repleated or dry-cleaned in India. Choose therefore simple dresses made, whenever possible, of washing fabrics.

The laundry work is done by men; they receive a monthly wage varying from sixteen to twenty shillings, and for this modest sum do the entire washing of the household. So there is no anxiety over mounting laundry bills, but as they think nothing of banging fragile nighties and dainty frocks on the stones in the river (where all the washing is done) the wear and tear of garments is considerable. It is advisable to take out a generous stock of lingerie, especially as during the hot weather one often wishes to change completely three times a day.

The most hygienic underwear consists of a thin wool, or silk and wool, vest next the skin, to absorb moisture and prevent chills, a light sports corset, knickers and a white princess petticoat. Petticoats should be made of fairly substantial material, such as washing silk or lingerie crêpe, as they will be worn mostly under light semi-transparent frocks.

If you have a favourite brand of silk stockings, it is as well to take out a good supply.

SHOES are an important factor. Buy the best you can afford. One hears of "wonderfully cheap" Native and Chinese shoemakers. They are not cheap in the long run, as often their shoes are badly finished and look clumsy. Smart, well-cut English shoes pay every time; they keep their shape and ensure foot comfort in a country where one's feet are often hot and tired; and there is the satisfaction of being really well shod. Light and dainty outdoor shoes are adequate for the plains, where little walking is done. A good pair of brogues for golf and for wet days in the hills will be required, also tennis shoes. A pair of gold or silver shoes are always useful; because they will do duty with several frocks; and don't forget a bottle of paint to touch them up at the toes when they become shabby.

Gloves are quite another story. They are rarely worn and spoil quickly, except the washing variety for sports wear. Take only

a small supply, and keep them in an airtight bottle. The only occasions on which I coaxed hot, reluctant fingers into gloves were for "At Homes" at Government House.

GOLF and tennis are played all the year round in most parts of India. For tennis, white crêpe and washing silk frocks are the best, and a generous number should be taken out. Later, these can be copied by a "durzi" (native tailor), who will squat in your verandah and sew for about three shillings a day. They have no initiative, but can generally copy fairly well, so it is important to give them a really well-fitting dress as a pattern.

Personally, I favour the polo collar and long-sleeved dress for tennis; not perhaps as cool as the collarless, sleeveless frock, but it protects one's neck and arms, and it is a great satisfaction to be able to appear at dances without a raw, red expanse of neck.

Hats of wide-brimmed felt or straw should be chosen to afford protection from the all-powerful sun. Women rarely wear topees in India now. Nevertheless, one must be purchased in case of need.

Servants are cheap and plentiful, therefore entertaining is not the bugbear it is in England, and the newcomer will find herself invited to numerous informal dinners and dances.

In most small stations there are dances at the club every week during the cold weather, and in big towns such as Bombay and Calcutta there are dances every night at one or another of the clubs, but the country is so vast that it has a wide range of climate, so naturally advice as to the trousseau required will vary according to the locality and the type of "station."

IN Southern India and such places as Calcutta and Bombay the weather is hot all the year round, with the exception of a few weeks at Christmas when the evenings are apt to grow chilly. Then a warm coat is required for motoring and for putting on after tennis. In Northern India there are



A perfectly fitting, well-cut habit, made of a special tropical material, should be included in the outfit that aims at being complete, for riding is very popular in India.

H. J. Nicholl.

five glorious winter months when the sun shines all day long, and a sharp nip in the air makes woollies the order of the day. Even for the woman who is going to a uniformly warm station winter clothes should not be omitted, for in all probability she will go to a hill station for five months of the year, when the heat of the plains becomes unbearable. In the hills it is often cold and damp. A tweed coat, or coat and skirt, is essential, and two smart sports suits of wool or silk and wool. Most important of all are a smart umbrella and waterproof, for when the monsoon comes, it comes in buckets, both in the hills and plains. During this wet season it is very necessary to hold a weekly inspection of kit, and to take out all dresses and shoes and dry them in front of a fire or a "sigri"—an iron pot full of charcoal—shoes have a horrid way of becoming covered with green and blue mildew. Most women who go to the hills without their husbands live in hotels, as this is cheaper and less lonely than taking a house. Evening dresses form a very important item of the Indian trousseau. Avoid metal and tinsel fabrics, for they tarnish in the damp and heat. Lace dresses are excellent; they do not crush or soil easily, and always look cool and charming. Velvet is apt to look hot and collects dust. Soft crêpes which can be washed and still come up smiling are a wise selection. Smart but simple "best frocks" of flowered chiffon voile or figured georgette

(Continued Overleaf.)

The Lure of Lace

As the pendulum swings towards femininity, lace once more comes into its own, and Limerick is again a special favourite.

THERE are two kinds of Limerick lace, tambour and run. Probably, in the strict sense of the word, neither is lace at all, since both are worked on net, specially manufactured for the purpose.

The industry was introduced into Ireland by an Englishman named Charles Walker, a native of Oxfordshire. A man of considerable attainments, he had originally intended to be a parson, but, having married a lace-manufacturer's daughter, he decided to turn his talents towards commerce rather than the Church.

WE first hear of his activities in Essex. In 1829 he left there for Limerick and, bringing about twenty girls with him to act as instructors, started a factory at Mount Kennet, which is the cradle of Limerick Lace. The venture does not appear to have been crowned with great financial success. At any rate, when the business was sold in 1841, the buyer went bankrupt and poor Walker had to go without his money.

Both tambour and run are worked in frames, which makes them rather cumbersome and less portable than, say, Carrickmacross, which is worked in the hand. The handkerchief illustrated is worked in run. The few directions and suggestions, which follow will, I hope, prove useful.

HAVING set up your frame by stitching net firmly and evenly, take the design, which is traced on strong tracing paper, and pin or tack it carefully under net. The threads used are Nos. 250 and 120. The latter is for outlining and the former for filling. Really a very good effect can be obtained by using No. 120

only. The needle used is No. 9. Take a good long length of cotton, No. 120, double it and thread the needle; make a small knot in the double thread and draw it up to the eye.

THE design is started by drawing the thread through a mesh of the net and passing the needle through the loop formed by the double thread, thus avoiding knots. Trace the design very carefully with the double thread on net, forming each leaf, flower and curve exactly. When the length of cotton ends, it is secured by a button-hole stitch or two.

When the whole outline has been traced, remove the paper tracing and begin to fill in the net. This is merely darning.

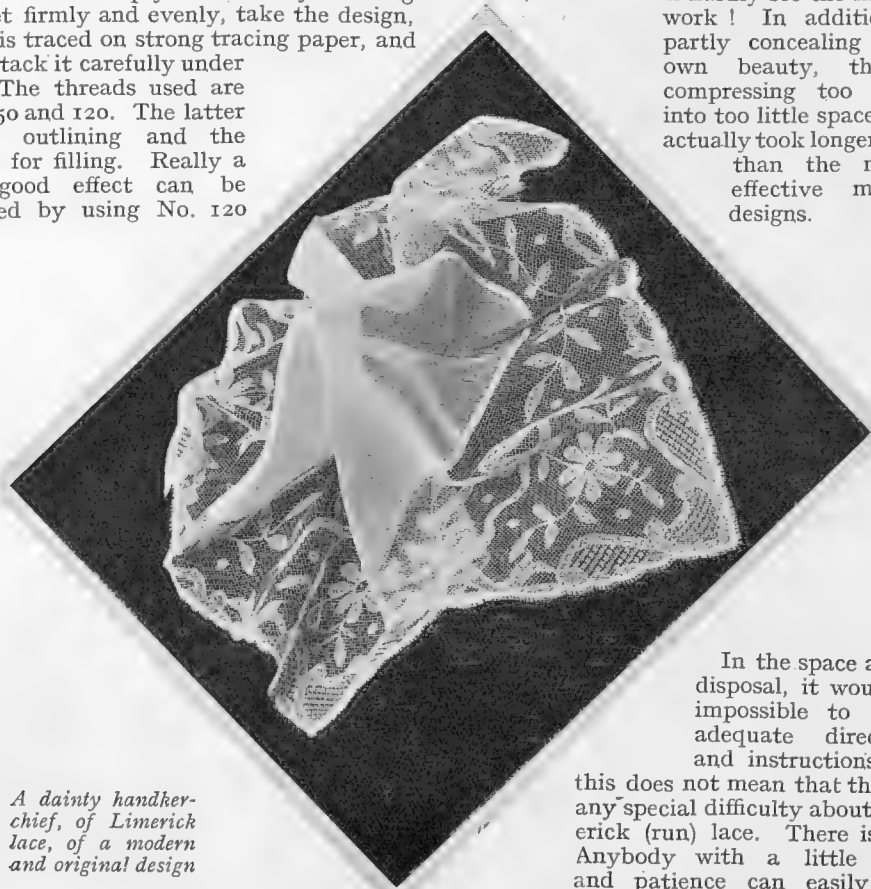
Take a single cotton this time. Fill the flowers, leaves, etc., by bringing the thread across from side to side, as if you were darning a stocking, then under the mesh of net and over the strands first made with thread.

Fancy stitches may be worked in places to relieve the darning. Spots also are an improvement. They are made by working a small round and darning the centre.

When the design has been completed, remove it from the frame and sew a purl edging, which is specially made for the purpose, all around it. Then cut away the superfluous net and press carefully under a damp cloth.

A MODERN and original design is shown in the illustration. The lines are much bolder and more spacious than those favoured in the last century. Many of the old designs are so cramped and confined, as it were, that one can hardly see the lace for

work! In addition to partly concealing their own beauty, through compressing too much into too little space, they actually took longer to do than the more effective modern designs.



A dainty handkerchief, of Limerick lace, of a modern and original design

In the space at my disposal, it would be impossible to give adequate directions and instructions, but this does not mean that there is any special difficulty about Limerick (run) lace. There is not. Anybody with a little time and patience can easily pick it up.

The Indian Trousseau—continued.

will be just the thing for "At Home" and "Gymkanas" in the small station. For those bound for a very gay spot, such as Calcutta, race gowns must be included.

THE girl who "takes out" a large cretonne box full of oddments will thank her lucky stars. Coloured sewing cotton, embroidery cottons, safety pins, elastic buttons, cards of darning silk, etc., are dear in big towns and impossible to get in small country places. Another wise purchase consists of scarves, shoulder flowers, good handbags, and some ornaments suitable for renovating hats and dresses when their first freshness has worn off. The trousseau should be marked with woven names or embroidered initials, as the customs officials at Bombay will let one off lightly if they know that one's outfit is for personal wear and not being brought to India for sale. A couple of gay cretonne sunshades which can be scrubbed with soap and water when dirty are better than silk ones, which are apt to split. Lastly, it is wise to visit a reliable shop before sailing, and if you are not stock size, have your measurements taken, explain to them your tastes and arrange for them to send out parcels to you. This is a far better plan than going out over-stocked, as fashions soon alter. Also, the joy of receiving English parcels is beyond the realisation of those who have never sojourned in India.

NOW the question of riding kit: for riding, at home only a possibility for the favoured few, is a much less expensive proposition abroad. For light-weights, especially, there is usually a polo pony available at the larger Indian stations. And, true to tradition, the Englishwoman abroad makes a point of looking particularly smart and trim on horseback, with her habit perfectly cut and in the latest fashion.

The majority of women ride astride and the kit most favoured consists of a coat, carried out in a light-weight tropical material, and breeches of Cavalry twill. Solaro, a sun-proof fabric, that does not permit the sun to penetrate, in colour red on the inside and khaki on the outside, is specially adapted to hot climates, and many of the fancy whipcords are quite suitable.

Some women ride in jodhpurs, which are very cool and comfortable; others prefer something more adaptable made of Solaro or twill, such as a belted shooting coat, that can be made into a riding coat by merely removing the belt, and an "Eve" divided skirt; and suede riding boots, it should be noted, are cooler and more comfortable than leather ones. Sun helmets used to be the only possible sports headgear in the Tropics, but to-day designers, realising the popularity and advantages of felt, both from the point of view of comfort and appearance, have wisely devised the double *terai*. This is really two hats in one, the extra thickness ensuring complete protection from the sun. At first two felts of the same colour were used, but the latest development of the idea shows a lighter one on top and a deeper one near the face, and in the early morning and evening, when less protection is needed, the upper or lower hat, complete in itself, can be worn separately.

Although the initial outlay on riding clothes may seem unduly heavy, for these *must* be good of their kind, it is, I think, a bad plan to eschew on this account riding altogether, for apart from the pleasure it entails, it is a splendid way of keeping fit in a hot climate.

JOSEPHINE BELFIELD.

COLOUR *in the* Bathroom

*To-day the Bathroom, too,
claims its rightful share of
the happy colour thoughts
which you bring into your home.*

By Marjory Hand.

LET me introduce you to that delicious and fascinating material called water-glass, which has such a baffling air about it of being neither transparent nor yet opaque, especially when it is streaked and tissueed with threads of delicate and varying colours. One bathroom, which anyone may see in London, has walls panelled with this glass in all the tints of a summer sunset; the ceiling is distempered peach, and the floor (which, incidentally, is rounded off at the edges where it meets the walls) is of a rich yellow composition which can be washed and wax-polished. Few of the varieties of this opal glass are expensive, and the plain colours are surprisingly cheap. It is bought by the square foot, or it can be obtained already made up into panels for enclosing the bath, attractive splash-backs (with mirrors and shelves if desired), shelves or medicine chests. Incidentally, these are the trifles which can make a really distinctive thing out of the sheer-white bathroom, especially if carried out in clear and brilliant colours such as lacquer red, lemon or hyacinth blue.

VITREOUS tiles in marvellous tints of turquoise, amethyst or aquamarine, are also most effective. Likewise the really amazing varieties of zinc tiling which are manufactured to-day, one in particular having the colour and surface texture of a thrush's egg, or another in a deep brilliant ultramarine, being stamped like mosaic, with a dull gold border to it. Zinc tiling scores, of course, in the absolute ease with which it can be fixed on to practically any sort of surface. An old-fashioned bathroom, with a multitude of awkward corners, can be utterly transformed at a low cost with the aid of this excellent and hardwearing material. One of the things round which most people lingered the longest at this year's Ideal Home Exhibition was the new coloured porcelain bathroom ware. Baths,

basins and wall fittings—imagine them, not in the hard white with which we are all familiar, but in the softest sunshiny yellows and tender blues and sea-greens.

These, of course, are for those who are planning and building a dream house for themselves, or for those who can afford to replace their present fittings. The "Recesso" tile fittings are another story, for they can be obtained for as little as ros. 6d., and although they are best inserted when the house is being built, they can be added afterwards, if desired. There is nothing quite so practical for holding such things as soap, sponge, tumbler, or toothbrush as these fascinating built-in tiles.

EVEN to those of us, however, who are already "suited" with baths, basins, floors and walls, colour offers itself in a hundred fascinating trifles. In vermilion-painted bath stools with cork seats, in fittings for the sponge, soap or the bath-



Sea-green is the colour of this lovely pedestal basin, and the "picture" bath mat of sponge rubber and the "Recesso" fittings have all been chosen to tone with it.



Here again a delightful touch is introduced by the coloured towels which swing behind a vermilion-painted box-stool and bathroom seat, and the vermilion and white bath mat.

rack, in bizarre bath mats, or in sponge rubber bath seats, consisting of mat, sponge, and circular pad for sitting on, all to match. The conventional "cream" curtain is rarely, if ever, seen nowadays, nor its alternative—"any old thing" cut down to fit. It has been entirely ousted by sunproof cretonnes in impudent little checks or quaint patterns that suggest the kaleidoscope as their origin.

The colour germ has even bitten into the linen, for the ordinary bath sheet is disdained now the rainbow-striped has made its appearance. Bath towels display chenille borders of gay roses; and we hanker after all-linen "tuffe" towels of pink or green or lavender. Even our face cloths, made of chenille, and soft and velvety to the skin, have borders of roses round them, or, more surprisingly, the picture of an oasis with tall spreading palms.

INDIVIDUALITY

in Evening Frocks

No woman can be described as well-dressed to-day unless her gown is suited to her own particular type and figure.

By MARJORY CHARLTON

FASHION is not an arbitrary ruler to-day, whatever she may have been in the past, for every one of us is served by the season's new styles, whatever our type or colouring, whether we are tall or short, plump or slender, dignified or debonair.

Bouffant effects at the hips are fashionable; so, contrarily, is the straight silhouette; flounces are favoured; so is drapery; frocks with the waist-line unmarked, Princess fashion, exist side by side



Peach coloured velvet and chiffon are combined effectively in a gown designed on slimming lines, with a view to the "big" figure. (Philippe et Gaston)



On the right, a delightful interpretation of a debutante's dance frock in rose taffetas and tulle (Martial et Armand); and on the left, a graceful two-piece of black chiffon, that the older woman will find becoming. (Worth.)

with models that have sashes with big important bows or narrow tailored belts, over which the bodice pouches slightly; printed and plain fabrics are both in the picture; "sweet simplicity" and richness are companions in the new collections.

IT may all sound a little bewildering, but translated into simpler terms it merely means that we can only be described as well-dressed if we are becomingly dressed as well.

Foaming tulle, garlanded with flowers, for the woman, who is fairy-like in her daintiness. For her more robust sister, satin moulded to the figure. Strong colours for

brunettes and the pale pastel shades for those who are fair of skin.

We no longer see the women to whom the adjective "big" frankly applies clad in frocks obviously designed for people of slender proportions, nor those who are thin to the point of attenuation accentuating instead of camouflaging their disability. Women of a certain age have ceased to dress like little girls.

TAKE haphazard a group of models from the collections of the Paris Houses that have names to conjure with. Each one is beautiful in itself and conforms in certain respects with the feeling of the season, but

in the various interesting details that go to their making there is considerable variation. Every day, in every respect, designers are realising that their responsibility does not end with the creation of an exquisite gown. The type of woman who is to wear it must be taken into consideration and also the occasion on which it is to be worn. Only a tall, slender woman, for instance, could wear really successfully the Maggy Rouff model, illustrated here, carried out in smoke-coloured chiffon. The wide draped sash, secured by a jewelled motif at the back, the three tiers of flounces, with a backward dip, the third elongating into a species of train, the shoulder scarf, that follows the same lines, all tending to detract from any undue appearance of height.

The wearer of the Premet model should be tall and slender too, for expressed in black ciré satin it is closely moulded to the figure, Princess fashion. The square décolletage strikes an unusual note, the draped sash, giving the flat hip effect, ends in a large bow that recalls the bustle of the "eighties," and the flaring skirt is made with godets and at the centre back dips almost to the ground.

THE woman who lacks "inches" presents a rather more difficult problem, for her frock must lend her importance and yet at the same time be

designed on lengthening lines. Suitably dressed, she need never be insignificant! So the material used for a frock that Deuillet-Doucet suggests for the petite figure is pastel printed chiffon, with a floral pattern. The high waist, draped Princess fashion, the high line of the décolletage, the side panels ending just short of the ground all serving to make her look taller.

And the woman built on Junoesque lines!

shaped décolletage, that although close fitting has a becoming broken effect, achieved by means of insertions and embroidery; whilst the full, shaped skirt, flowing away from the hips, tends to conceal the fact that these are not as small as they might be.

FOR the débutante, Martial et Armand have designed the most original of dance frocks on Princess lines in those

youthful fabrics, taffetas and tulle, in colour a faded rose. Tulle, of course, is used for the wide flounce, really almost a skirt, and for the draped fichu that discreetly covers the shoulders.

From Worth comes a lovely graceful gown of black chiffon, created with a view to the needs of the older woman, for a discerning age has realised that soft, gossamer fabrics are more becoming to the "later years" than those of the rich and heavy variety.

The trimming on both bodice and skirt takes the form of narrow insertions; side panels lend poise and dignity and the narrow belt has a clasp of diamanté, and diamanté also embroiders the matching coatee, an almost inevitable completion this season to the more dignified type of evening frock.

THE fashionable colours?

Well here again La Mode's colour palette is so infinite in its variety that no one need be inveigled into choosing a gown in an unbecoming shade. Just as there is a style to suit every woman, there is a colour too. Quite a short time ago, certain colours were put down as youthful . . . the lighter blues, periwinkle, turquoise and sky and the pinks and light greens. These were considered the prerogative of girls, also white, and "les autres" had to be content with the stronger shades. Now we see débutantes in scarlet and their mammas in pink, if it so happens that pink suits them; the older women, indeed, seem to have claimed white in its various manifestations, ivory, parchment, cream, etc., for their own.

Beige and its many variations, café au lait, honey-suckle (a delicate fawn inclining to apricot) dune, (a beige, as its name implies, that has no tendency towards pink) are in the evening picture this season. But only

those with lots of colour and vitality should wear them, or, indeed, any neutral colours. The woman whose colouring is itself inclined to be neutral should wear a frock of a shade that is very much alive—Petunia, for instance, or sapphire blue (both very fashionable) or capucine, the favourite new colour, that captured the warm glow of the reddish orange of a sunset. Blue for blue eyes—and for green eyes malachite or mirage green.



The printed chiffon frock on the left is specially designed to give an appearance of height (Deuillet-Doucet); and the gown on the right, expressed in black ciré satin, is particularly suited to a slender figure. (Premet.)

Who can be described as "fat" in the wrong frock and as "a fine woman" in the right one! Her needs are being taken into consideration this season to a greater extent than has been the case for some time past. For in spite of hot water and lemon juice and rhythmic exercises, this is not entirely a generation of sylphs! For her, a frock in which peach coloured velvet and chiffon are effectively combined, says Philippe et Gaston, the bodice cut with a V-



Smoke-coloured chiffon carries out a model, fashionably flounced, which a tall slender woman could wear most effectively. (Maggy Rouff.)

Rice for all Occasions

By W. Teignmouth Shore

*Abominated by most children,
rice need not necessarily be nasty.
Some excellent rice dishes are
described in the following article.*

RICE need not be stodge! Rice puddings, bakeds and boileds, need not be stuffy, but too often are, which raises righteous rebellion in the nursery! Rice is good faring, and more of it is eaten than of any other foodstuff. It is goodly stuffing when well treated.

Though it is an awful long time ago, I remember that plain boiled rice plus real treacle was one of my favourite eatings in the days of my first childhood! I do not scorn it now! But, please, let not the boiling result in mush, each grain must be separate, and there is no reason why it should not be so. It always seems that there are as many ways of boiling rice as there are cooks; but, alas! every cook is not a good cook in this naughty world of sinners.

THE RIGHT RICE.

HERE is one of the simplest—not cooks but methods! Wash the rice thoroughly in several cold waters, or put it in a colander under a softly running tap, as I watched a Japanese cook doing. Then plunge it into boiling water, in the proportions of a dessertspoonful of the grain to a pint of the boiling water, to which should be added a teaspoonful of salt. Boil fast for twelve minutes. Then put a stopper on the boiling by a good dash of cold water; drain in a sieve or a colander, in which leave it to dry in a just warm oven, with the door ajar, for a few minutes. So you will have the right rice for curries and many other dishments.

I maintain that a simple, eggy enough, cold rice pudding, baked, is a dainty dish, eaten with marmalade! The thick, home-made kind of marmalade. Or you can put into it a flavouring, lemon juice being one of the nicest, or currants, or sultanas, or underneath it, as a foundation, a layer of apple or other fruit, or chopped figs, or stoned prunes, or chopped dates, or minced meat, or fish made savoury with herbs and tomato ketchup, or—but why not seek out other "ors" for yourself and Co.? I will just murmur—pineapple. Ground rice moulds with—guess whats. But let us pass along to less elementary makings.

TURKEY SOUP AND RICE KIDS.

THE Turks, who are no mean cooks, make a very nice rice soup. After washing—the rice, not yourself—put four ounces of it into a pan with three pints of good meat stock, or preferably fowl, with a little salt. Boil gently until the grains are soft; then quickly stir in the yolks of a couple of eggs, which have been beaten with the strained juice of a lemon, and heated, and stirred until they are beginning to thicken. Tureen it. When serving sprinkle with a trifle of powdered cinnamon, or not, as you will.

Prepare and cut in halves three kidneys (not ox'uns) and stew them gently for ten minutes in boiling water. Take them out and chop them, salt and pepper them, add a small

onion chopped, and then stew them in three tablespoonfuls of butter or kidney fat until you have achieved a nice brown. Mix the kids with two breakfastcupfuls of boiled rice and put the lot in a fireproof dish. Compound a gravy

of a tablespoonful of flour with the butter that was used for stewing the kidneys, adding a little more if need be, and pour it over the savoury mass. A flavouring of tomato ketchup or of Worcestershire sauce is permissible. Hot up in an oven; your own for choice. An oven is such a difficult thing to borrow.

PILAW.

A REAL pilaw is splendid eating. One of the many is made thus: cut up a pound of lean mutton pieces about the size of a very small egg and stew it in a quarter of a pound of butter until it is nicely browned. Then stir in a pound of rice, thoroughly washed, a little salt and a little cinnamon, say two or three lady-like pinches; then two pints of boiling water. Boil gently until there is no liquor left. Then put it in a just-hot oven for twenty minutes or so. Pile on a very hot dish. Other meats and the flesh of chickabiddies and other tame fowls can be dealt with in the same manner. I always add a few drops of lemon juice when eating. No vegetable is needed.

Italians know several things about ricings, besides the estimable rissottos. Thus: put a teacupful of hot boiled rice into a pan, mixing in three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan or some other mild cheese and the same amount of butter. Hot it, stirring and stirring it. This makes a nice surround for a dry mince or for a—well, what? But it is quite good all by its lonesome.

WHAT ABOUT THIS?

WELL, what about it? Try it, and you will know a what's-what. Parboil three or four onions. Melt two teaspoonfuls of butter—a dessertspoonful will do—in a pan, mix in two tablespoonfuls of flour, two pinches of salt, a few specks of cayenne, and a breakfastcupful of milk. Heat it, gently stirring until it is quite smooth, and then let it cool down. Funny phrases, "cool down" and "hot up"!

Then add a teaspoonful of grated cheese and again hot up until boiling. Be stirring. Cooks have stirring times sometimes. Spread two breakfastcupfuls of hot boiled rice at bottom of a fireproof dish; on that the onions, cut up fairly fine; then a few dashes of Worcestershire sauce; be a dashing cook lady; then pour in the sauce. Bake for a quarter of an hour. It will not take so long to eat.

SWEETS.

I WILL now be sweeter. *Riz à la Condé* can be manufactured in various ways; this is simple, satisfactory and satisfying. Choose your mould; then simmer in milk enough rice, sugaring it, until it is as soft as it should be; stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs; cook it a bit more; then put in quite a number of chunks of pineapple, fresh or canned. Then mould it and cold it. When turned out, ready

to turn in, decorate with candied cherries; pour a little pineapple juice over it. Put it away, but not in the larder.

This is another "nice": core first and then peel half-a-dozen cooker-apples, cover them with water in a pan, adding a teaspoonful of soft sugar and the grated rind of an orange. Stew very slowly until the apples are tender but see to it that they do not break. Take them up tenderly and fill the holes in them with chopped seedless raisins.

In a shallow fireproof dish spread two breakfastcupfuls of boiled rice and put the apples on it. Reduce the syrup to one half, at the last mixing in two tablespoonfuls of butter, and pour this over the apples. Sprinkle with soft sugar and a little grated nutmeg. Bake, not fast, for twenty minutes. Eat hot or cold.

And another delicious ricey sweet is—but really I must stop. Probably you know it already.

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In and Out the WINDOWS

By Julia Cairns

APRIL sunshine has a way of beckoning us cottage-wards, or maybe of reminding us of our almost forgotten seaside bungalow, hasn't it? And even despite intermittent rain showers, scudding clouds and gusty winds, we know only too well that once we merge into April the time has come for us to give very serious consideration to whatever little pied-a-terre we may be privileged to call our own, over and above our normal home. And so we make our way cottage-wards or bungalow-wards. With what results?

The very first thing that meets us is probably the small forsaken looking windows

which peep out over the yew hedge, through the lime screen or above the creeper-covered wall. Yes, admittedly these window people meet us, but do they greet us? Possibly yes! Probably no! Therefore, it is to them we must primarily turn our attention, because whether viewed from within or from without, windows are really only a definitely attractive feature provided they are given the utmost consideration and forethought in the matter of their treatment, their "dressing."

You see, cottage windows and bungalow windows are, as a rule, not very large, moreover they are simple, essentially so, and therefore the materials chosen for their treatment should also be quite simple, large designs being avoided as a general rule. This latter remark may sound somewhat platitudinous, and yet time and again I have witnessed the ludicrous dignity of large floral motives when associated with tiny little unsophisticated mullioned windows. For this reason I reiterate the advisability of choosing a design of proportions relatively correct with the size of the window.

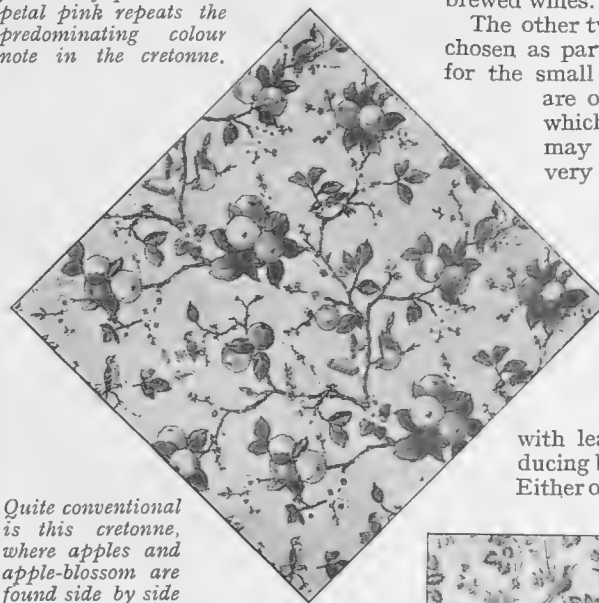
Illustrated on this page are four very simple designs, each of which are admirable for the small window. One, as you see, is besprigged with bunches of russet-red and yellow apples tucked in amid restful green leaves, with even a suggestion of pinkish blossom introduced—the whole on a background of beige. This would be quite an attractive little design for, say, the window



Stone-coloured walls are here relieved by dark green woodwork, while a circular rush mat adds a striking note of red to this two-colour scheme, which finds its inspiration in window curtains.



A shaped pelmet forms an attractive finish to the treatment of this landing window, while filet net of palest rose-petal pink repeats the predominating colour note in the cretonne.



Quite conventional is this cretonne, where apples and apple-blossom are found side by side in their natural colours, on a background of creamish beige.



And here wild rose berries and foliage need but an ivory background to emphasise their clear red, black and soft green shades.



Bramble berries, leaves and blossom display themselves with all the characteristic charm of their true-to-nature colouring.

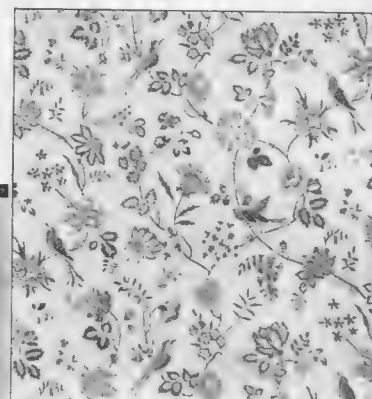
of a little entrance hall where the walls are washed stone colour, the woodwork perhaps painted dark green, the circular rush mat in dark green, beige and red, such as you see in the illustration.

Or again, another fascinating modern cretonne assumes something of an old-world charm, through the medium of its colouring and design. Trim little blossoms of a bygone age, in pink and green and yellow and blue, with here and there a gaily coloured bird poised on a branch will prove admirable for the small window of an aged cottage, and at the same time savour somewhat of the fresh piquancy of yesterday,

of a time we associate with lavender and lace, with Hepplewhite furniture and home-brewed wines.

The other two fabrics I have chosen as particularly suitable for the small cottage window are of printed cotton which, by the way, may be obtained in a very wide range of designs. The two shown here are inspired by the wild rose berry with its accompanying leaf, and the blackberry also

with leaves, and introducing blossoms as well. Either of these fabrics are



Reminiscent of a Hepplewhite chintz, this cretonne, with its small design, is admirable for the simple country cottage.

suitable for use without lining, for although their so-called "wrong side" is rather paler than the "right side," even so, when hung up little difference is seen between them.

Britannia's Pulpit

The Need of God

By
the Rev.

F. W. Norwood, D.D.

I HAVE no text. I cannot find one. In all the Bible I cannot find a passage which suggests a doubt as to whether a man really needs God or not. That is taken for granted. For the people of the Bible, God was the one great Reality.

Of course it was obvious that not everybody *wanted* God. There was the brutish man who did not know his need, and there was the wicked man who wished to forget his need. There was the "fool" who said in his heart "No God!" and there was the rogue who would prefer that God should depart from his evil life. But the idea that there could be really decent people, moral and high-minded, who yet did not feel any need of God, is quite foreign to the Scriptures.

THE NEED FOR GOD.

BUT there are multitudes of people like that to-day. They cannot see what is the use of church. They do not pray, at any rate, as a habit. It seems to them that a man can be as good without religion as with it, and as happy too. They cannot see a great difference between people who are religious and people who make no profession whatever.

They regard all religious dogmas as hypothetical, and, not seeing how they can be proved, refuse to concern themselves deeply over them. They have a fluctuating interest in such things, but no steady concern. Especially if they are moderately comfortable in their circumstances they feel no need of God, and when they are in trouble they can find no immediate help in God. They are not actively irreligious, but they have plenty to think about concerning matters which are immediately interesting or important.

The real reason for their slackness in religious observances is the absence of a sense of need.

At times they are vaguely troubled about it. They wonder why it is that they feel no need of God. Just now and again they wish rather earnestly that they did feel it. When they meet with people to whom religion is a great reality, who are happy in it, and who derive much benefit from it, they rather fear that they have missed something which they should have had. But such feelings are transient. Frankly, they do not feel their need of God.

BEYOND COMPARISON.

SOME of us could write an interesting book, only that it would be an unpardonable breach of confidence. It would be drawn from our pastoral experience, and it would tell of a multitude of cases of men and women who thought they had no need of God, and suddenly found they needed Him to the point of agony. Speaking, not from theory but from practice, I should say that a man's need of God is, beyond comparison, his

A man's need of God is, beyond comparison, his deepest and most inextinguishable need.

deepest and most inextinguishable need.

One obscuring factor is that we never can begin this question at the very beginning.

How can you say that the reason you feel no need of God is not that God has so largely supplied your need? What are the grounds of your self-sufficiency? Suppose you say in the language of scripture, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing"—there is, first of all, that pronoun "I." Who are you, so well-balanced and self-contained?

It is a big assumption that God had nothing to do with so satisfactory a product as yourself, your riches, and your goods.

Did you create them then, out of nothing, or may there not have been at least a kind of "sleeping partner" whose capital you have been operating with? You have need of nothing? Marvellous! Then at least you must have health, itself a very wonderful combination of startling co-existences; intelligence, not a mean result considering that you have no need of God; rather convenient circumstances, a large claim if you mean that you arranged them all yourself; you have a friend or two, which is rather astonishing if you do not "need" them.

Then there are such trifling factors as a rather well-managed universe supplying you with food, clothing, light, air, occupation, thought, a measure of hope, comfort, rational co-operation with innumerable forces that you yourself cannot carry on your mind, let alone fashion with your hands.

LOVE OF NATURE.

MANY men who feel no deep personal need of God yet turn to Nature with a devotion which is essentially religious. They are conscious of some communion between her and their souls. They allow themselves to regard reverence for Nature a kind

of substitute for that deeper quest which distinguishes religion.

But if you press them to say what it is in Nature which answers to the need of their souls you will be surprised to find how easily their thoughts might be transferred to the realm of theistic belief. They revere all those qualities and attributes which could scarcely be were Nature not the garment of Nature's God. No one ever loved Nature more than Wordsworth. When he tells you what he found in her he speaks like the High Priest of the Living God.

Those things most seeing men confess they do actually find in Nature. We find them because we need them. How came our need to be matched by Nature? Is not our need of God thus mediated to us by the God



of both Nature and the soul, though often in our folly, we hug to our hearts the thing given and cry to the Giver of it, "I have no need of Thee!"

RIGHT REASON.

BY so doing we shut out half its glory. There is a beauty in the stars and in the flowers, but it is incredibly enhanced when we can cry with Richter, "The Omnipotent has sown His name on the heavens in glittering stars; but upon the earth He planteth His name by tender flowers."

Yet the soul has heights and depths which are not in Nature. Call them defects if you will, they yet are essential parts of a being of a deeper destiny. The passions which Nature soothes and cools are yet the very stuff and texture of our souls. They cannot be taken out of life. We are at once lower and higher than Nature. She shows right reason; we may depart from it or achieve something yet higher. She proceeds by steadfast laws; we may break them or transmute them into love which is the transcendental law.

Passion, zeal, intellect, romance—nature may calm these things, but calmness only would not be enough. They do not belong to nature, but they do belong to us. Nature is really self-sufficient, but we are not. Save for the initial fiat which brought her into being she could say, without being reproachable, "I do not need God."

She "matures her processes by steadfast laws," and her functions are fulfilled by needing no more. She never yet had "an impatient or fallacious hope," nor knew passion nor "vain conceit." In a word she has no "intellect" whether self-applauding or self-transcending.

LIFE'S LESSON.

AND that is just where we part company with her. We turn to her to be soothed or steadied, but we know all the time she has an advantage over us because she is somehow less than ourselves.

We are not true to ourselves, either in our weakness or in our strength, if we try to persuade ourselves that Nature is in complete correspondence with us. It is in the things wherein we are different from her that we lose God, that we find God, or, better still, that God finds us.

That is one thing which we ministers *know*. Life teaches it to us. We have seen too many people who thought they had no need of God searching for Him in anguish.

Faults of the "Talkies"

Our contributor is of opinion
that the whole idea of a
talking picture is fundamen-
tally and artistically wrong.

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

cramping of its flight possibilities by pinioning it down to an inevitably inferior imitation of the theatre.

That is, so long as sound continues to be employed in the direct and crude manner adopted by its American pioneers, slapping this new element of speech wholesale into the hitherto silent drama of the screen. Mere straightforward dialogue (however well it may eventually be done) plainly holds up action and limits the wide horizon which is one of the screen's chief virtues. It is conceivable, though, that some good purpose may yet be found for this notable invention.

A RATHER WEARY RIVER.

I FOUND no sign of any advance, technical or otherwise, in *Weary River*, one of the latest efforts of the "noisy screen," which was shown recently at the Regal. The title is derived from the famous lines:

"Even the
weariest river
Winds some-
where safe to
sea."

A garbled version of this is made into a song for the hero and "plugged" for a good deal more than it is worth. Mr. Richard Barthelmess is a comely young hero (converted crook type), and Miss Betty Compson a sufficiently attractive if theatrical heroine (blonde vamp variety), but all

one's pleasure in their appearance and acting was destroyed by the discordant sounds issuing from their lips.

THE RELIEF OF SILENCE.

WHAT a relief it is to turn to a silent picture, especially if it be one of real picturesque romance and beauty like *Volga Volga*, which was put on at the Tivoli last Monday. The *Volga Boat Song* forms part of its musical motif, and its hero is Stenka Rasin, the seventeenth century river pirate who is a figure of old Russian legend. The photography of this is delightful, and there is a fine hero in Mr. Hans Schlettow, though Miss Lilian Hall-Davis is rather inadequate as the heroine.



In "*Weary River*," a dialogue film which is being shown at the Regal Cinema, Richard Barthelmess proves that he has an excellent screen voice, while Betty Compson is also making a reputation as a "talkie" actress.

THERE is no doubt that the "talkies" have caused a tremendous flutter in the film industry. Since their unmelodious voices were first heard in the lands of Europe, excitement has grown. No one with any taste or critical sense can fail to shudder at them in their present condition; yet the drawing power shown by such horrid affairs as *The Singing Fool* has apparently convinced the commercial dealers in pictures that the silent screen is dead and that the future lies with vocalism. Hence the cables have been violently agitated; screen kings grin like a dog and run about from capital city to city fixing up contracts and combines.

But I see no reason why some of us, especially those who are unstirred by any get-rich-quick motives, should not keep our heads in the matter. I think we should distinguish very carefully between the reactions of the trade, ever on the scent for a new trail that may lead to profit, and the reactions of the public.

IS IT ALL GENUINE?

I AM not even sure, to begin with, that the trade enthusiasm for "talkies" has not been very much artificially stimulated.

As to the attitude of the public, I have heard from more than one source that there has been much misrepresentation about the welcome given to the "talkies" in America; it has been not at all overwhelming. I am glad to hear this, though not surprised, for America, too, contains a large number of people of taste and education—though with her enormous population of illiterate immigrants from all the slums and ghettos of the world, the general average standard is naturally a good deal lower than ours.

WHEN CURIOSITY IS EXHAUSTED.

OUR own public would appear, by the figures that are so lavishly supplied by publicity agents for the talking picture, to have "fallen for it" in very considerable

cinema houses, it may continue to accept a menu of "talkies" after the interest in them has waned.

"TALKIES" OR "SOUNDIES"

IT will be a pity if this should happen, for quite apart from the present ugliness of the sounds, which time may soften or eliminate, the whole idea of a talking picture is, I repeat, fundamentally and artistically wrong. It is a distinct set-back to the development of a still young form of art, a



"*Volga Volga*" at the Tivoli is based on the story of a 17th century Russian pirate, Stenka Rasin, played by Hans Schlettow. With him is Lilian Hall-Davis who plays the part of the heroine.



Hans Schlettow and Lilian Hall-Davis in "*Volga Volga*."



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Our National Road Policy

By the Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce

Progress in the making of roads is quite inadequate for our national needs, and the whole question of highways has become one of extreme importance.

WHILE the general experience seems to have been that the roads were considerably less congested over the Easter holidays than was expected, conditions served to emphasise the urgent need to take the problem seriously. The roads that were good enough for our fathers are distinctly not good enough for us, but the trouble seems to be that their modernisation on a scale and at a rate to keep pace with the rapidly increasing requirements of the traffic is everybody's business—and, therefore, nobody's!

ACTION BY THE A.A.

THE Automobile Association at least is awake to the urgency of the situation, and in an open letter, signed by Major Stenson Cooke, to the County and Borough Councils and similar bodies throughout the country the position is so excellently outlined that the document is worthy of quotation in full.

It reads: "I am directed to communicate with your Council on the above question—Road Costs—Necessity for Revised Policy—which is of vital interest to road users and all concerned with the construction, improvement, and maintenance of highways.

"With the rapid increase of motor transport of all kinds, the development of roads to keep pace with the requirements of present and future traffic has become a matter of extreme national importance. The present rate of progress is wholly inadequate, and is substantially the result of:—

"(a) the uneconomic post war policy of adjusting the Nation's road programme in direct relation to the amount of revenue available from motor taxation;

"(b) the diversion of huge sums from the Road Fund to purposes other than road costs.

"These are the main factors which have led up to the present position in which the work of constructing new roads and the widening and strengthening of existing traffic arteries has been retarded throughout the country. The situation is one which should be remedied by the Government without delay. It ought not to be a political issue, and—as a question affecting the

whole community—should be on a plane entirely removed from the sphere of party politics.

"It is imperative that a much wider view of road finance be taken to enable the necessary acceleration in road development. The impossibility of providing out of income roads suitable and sufficient for present and future traffic should be recognised and the cost of all new works spread over a term of years, thus avoiding unreasonable

improvement to cope with the requirements of present and future traffic is a matter of extreme national importance, and that steps should at once be taken to re-explore the whole question of road finance and the equitable distribution of the burden of highways expenditure over all classes; and that the annual diversion of a portion of the Road Fund to general purposes should be discontinued and provision made in the forthcoming Finance Bill to ensure that the whole of the revenue from the taxation of motor vehicles be devoted exclusively to road costs."

SPANISH MOTORING LAW.

THOSE who are interested in foreign touring received a considerable shock recently when details of the new Spanish penal code were published, as it appeared that the tourist who was involved in even the most trivial of accidents would inevitably see the inside of the local gaol—and might remain there for a considerable period. Various scare reports on the subject appeared in all the papers, and it is extremely probable that the growing stream of motor-ing visitors to Spain was abruptly suspended.

How the misunderstanding occurred is not at all clear, but the Royal Automobile Club, having taken the matter up with

the Spanish authorities, reports that there is "no cause whatsoever for alarm." The new penal code actually inflicts lesser penalties than the old; there is no hostility towards motorists—whether Spanish or from abroad; on the contrary, every effort is being made to attract motorists to Spain by the provision of good roads and up-to-date hotels.

PICNICKING MISDEMEANOURS.

THE sudden recurrence of heath fires immediately the country came belatedly out of its winter sleep, draws attention to the need for the greatest possible care on the part of picnic parties. A carelessly flung match or cigarette end is all that is necessary to start the damage; while an insecurely perched petrol stove is extremely dangerous.

It is always possible to find a bare patch of ground where the stove can do no harm even if it is upset; and before leaving the camping site it is surely very little trouble to inspect the ground, to ensure that no smouldering fragments—in cases where a proper fire has been lighted—remain to be scattered by the wind. A sign of the times, by the way, is the appearance at most of the popular beauty spots, such as Newlands Corner and Hindhead, of rubbish boxes, for the disposal of picnickers' debris. Most regrettably, however, a trip to those neighbourhoods immediately



TURNING IN A NARROW ROAD.—The right way, with the front wheels first. . . .



And the wrong way, by backing the car on to the side of the road when the wheels may become bogged.

burdens upon taxpayers and ratepayers.

"I am, therefore, to express the hope that after due consideration of this matter, your Council will see its way to adopt a resolution on the lines of the attached, and subsequently forward copies of that resolution to all Members of Parliament whose constituencies are within your area."

THE MODEL RESOLUTION.

THE suggested resolution runs: "That this Council is strongly of opinion that the acceleration of road construction and

after the recent holidays disclosed the fact that even the broad and staring hint of these brightly painted boxes had not prevented an extraordinary amount of litter from being left on the ground.

A REVERSING HINT.

REVERSING in all its branches is very much of a bugbear to most beginners, but it is none the less an accomplishment which it is essential to practise. Many people never acquire skill owing to the fact that in a garage there is nearly always someone about who will manœuvre the car if necessary; and it does not strike the owner that almost any time he ventures out traffic conditions or a policeman's command may place him in an awkward position.

There is one little mistake that the majority of motorists, and not necessarily novices only, make. If it is desired to turn the car round in a somewhat narrow roadway, use is made quite rightly of whatever grass border there may be, and in tacking to and fro to get the car round, the rear wheels are

to push a reasonably light car clear of the danger zone—but the better policy is not to drive on to it; prevention being distinctly better than cure in this case.

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Four speeds, 5.25, 8.16, 13.5, and 21 to 1.

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Semi-elliptic; Hartford and Houdaille shock absorbers respectively front and rear.

Ignition—Coil.

Electric equipment—Lucas.

Price—Saloon, £485.

A CAR which excited a considerable amount of interest when it was first introduced at the last Motor Show was the Hillman Straight Eight. The interest was largely because this was a departure for the Hillman company, which has adhered to its four-cylinder policy for so long, but the car had a still greater claim to attention in that it was—and is—the least expensive straight eight on the British



The Hillman Straight Eight, which has proved itself to be smooth running, luxurious and sufficiently powerful on the road.

market. Some delay appears to have occurred in getting down to production, but a week or so ago the first batch of the new model was released from the Coventry factory. The occasion was celebrated by a luncheon, at which Colonel Cole made his first public appearance as the Chairman of the joint Humber and Hillman concerns.

A trial on the road of the new car shows that it is all that its sponsors claim—smooth running, luxurious and sufficiently powerful, although in the latter respect since the car was comparatively new it was not thought desirable to drive the engine too hard. Even so, sixty miles an hour was easily within the vehicle's capabilities for short bursts, and the engine promised to become creditably lively when its initial stiffness had disappeared.

The Hillman is in every way a nice car to drive—one in which the strange driver feels instantly at home. It is a roomy vehicle, well finished both inside and out, and unusually comfortable in regard to both springing and upholstery.

The new Hillman is priced at £485 as either a Segrave coupé, a coachbuilt or a Weymann saloon, and is very fine value for money.

THE ULSTER T.T.

I HAVE referred in these Notes to the Ulster Tourist Trophy Race which is to be held over the Ards Course on August 17th, and it is now announced that when the entries closed at single fees fifty-six cars had been nominated.

The race will be of a thoroughly international character, for Great Britain, France, Austria, Italy, Germany and America will be represented, and the British entrants will have their work cut out to maintain their prestige. Last year, it will be remembered, Kaye Don, the famous racing motorist who has recently achieved fame at Brooklands, won the event. A notable absentee from the entries is Captain Malcolm Campbell, who is at present in South Africa.



This fifteen-year-old Rolls-Royce has taken the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston all over the United Kingdom. With the Marchioness is her son, Mr. Duggan, prospective Conservative candidate for East Ham South.

run on to this border. After a period of drought, such as we have experienced, it is unlikely that the turf will be at all soft, of course, but normally it is fatally easy for the car to become hopelessly stuck in such circumstances.

Whenever there is the slightest doubt as to the firmness of the ground, therefore, the front wheels only, and never the rear, should be run on to the grass, the greatest possible use, naturally, being made on the side where the expanse of turf is the greater. If by chance the rear wheels do encounter soft ground, the attempt to drive off should be discontinued the instant it is found that the wheels are spinning. Once a spin starts it is practically hopeless to expect to obtain a grip, and every revolution serves merely to dig the car more deeply in. It is not usually difficult

to attention in that it was—and is—the least expensive straight eight on the British



Captain Irving, who designed the famous "Golden Arrow," with Messrs. W. E. Rootes and G. Heath, seek the shelter of a typical Florida palm grove with their new Hillman Straight Eight.

The Miser of the Woods

By E. T. BROWN



Instead of putting his thumb upon one side of the object and the fingers on the other, he wraps the whole hand round one way.

A fascinating little fellow is the squirrel, the most intelligent of the rodents, who lays up his store of good things for the winter.

impudence. His scolding from the tree-top is almost entirely genuine now, for we are sitting not far from the drey in which his young are to be born, and the parent squirrels are really anxious that we should leave the place in peace.

OUR CLEVEREST RODENT.

WHETHER his open-air life be taken as a cause or as an index of his intelligence, it is fairly certain that the squirrel is naturally the cleverest of the British rodents. The house rat, which has some special advantages, has developed a low cunning that stands him in good stead. The rabbit attempts to inherit the earth by meekness and multiplicity, while the slightly loftier intelligence of the hare is surrounded by serious limitations that make it the easiest possible prey of the poacher who knows his business.

The squirrel shows the wisdom of the vole as a layer-up of summer stores for winter consumption, without becoming, like the vole, a dull, brainless miser for young kestrels and owls to feed on. He imitates the dormouse's habit of spending the winter as a season of retirement and rest, but does not, like the dormouse, sleep the whole time away, sunny days and all. He constructs a nest on the harvest-mouse model, so as to be out of reach of most terrestrial animals, but has hit upon the idea of further baffling pursuit by having two or three secondary homes.

A FOOD HOARDER.

PERHAPS it is scarcely fair to call the squirrel "the miser of the woods." But when he finds winter approaching he hoards a little of the plenty in which he has been revelling. But so carelessly and light-heartedly does he do it that frequently he fails to find his hoard or hoards when he wants them. He is not really a miser, because he does not put by a particle more than is necessary. Rather does he fail by saving too little, and he squanders magnificently in the full splendour of autumn.

But when his cache is formed, he does not lightly open it. He comes out on many a sunny winter day without paying a visit to his pantry. He lives on the country as long as there is anything to be had. You may come upon him at this time nibbling fungi from a rotting log, and many ground mushrooms

besides the one that we regard as edible. It is even said that the squirrel eats some of these growths that our skilled mycologists declare to be poisonous.

This is the time of year when the squirrel likes to be active every day, with a waste of tissue consequently great and when the new foods of spring are very meagre and unpalatable. This is the time when our friend finds it imperatively necessary to break into his store. It is just possible that, so far from going deliberately to his cupboard, he only stumbles upon it by a sort of accident.

There are single acorns and nuts to be dug up by a lucky finder, bulbs rendered at once visible and rather nasty by their sprouting, and at last, while one is poking about here and there, behold a heap of nuts all in one hollow stump. Who can have put them there? Without asking himself a superfluity of questions about it, the clever but slightly prudent person of the woods takes a meal from the welcome store.

And here he shows his vast superiority over the wood-mouse by opening his nuts in scientific fashion. Instead of taking a long time to nibble a hole through any portion of the shell, perhaps the thickest, he attacks the nut along the lines of its anatomy, gnaws a chip out in the right place, and jerks the shells apart precisely as the learned plough-boy does with a jack knife.

THE SQUIRREL'S HANDS.

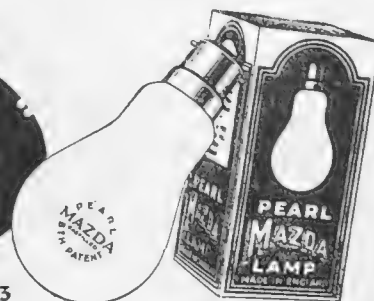
AN animal which takes reasonably to arboreal life is well in the way of intellectual advancement. Any stimulus that makes an animal begin to use its hands is good.

The first time our squirrel grasped a bough he made a little mistake that placed him inevitably in the second class among tree animals. Instead of putting his thumb upon one side of the object and the fingers on the other, he wrapped the whole hand round one way. That is the right way to hold the horizontal bar, but if one uses it on all occasions the thumb is found to be of no use.

So the squirrel's thumb is to-day a tiny member in process of disappearance. He holds his food with his two hands when he eats, but so do the mice, the rats and the voles. None of them—the squirrel included—uses the hand to reach food, or even to an appreciable extent to manipulate material when building a nest or covering up a hoard.

Use **MAZDA** LAMPS

and see things in the right light



Garden

Dovecotes

By Marion Cran

SUNDIALS have fallen from favour somewhat of later years, because the market has been flooded with cheap and ugly reproductions of old and lovely ones. They have found their way into unwitty hands, and gardens so unsuitable that one has even discovered them under trees or the shade of big buildings!

THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

BUT so far the dovecote has not been unduly popularised, and it is a charming feature upon a lawn, in a rose-garden or at the end of a vista; so long as it is put to its proper use and houses pigeons. I once tried to keep a brace of African doves in my dovecote, being much misled by the name of the edifice, and learned then how cruel that accommodation is for birds which do not stand flat on the boards or floor to sleep, but which have to roost on a perch and twine their nimble toes round it for the night's repose. Doves have to perch.

The dovecote, then, should house a pair or two of pigeons, of which there are many varieties. Mrs. A. A. Milne, in her charming Sussex garden, keeps those small demure pigeons known as nuns; Mrs. Matson, in her Cheshire garden, has a large flock of fantails; others keep tumblers, or those attractive black and white pigeons of a sweet and delicate cooing, called "Magpies"; some like to fly homers and some again enjoy the fantastic outline of pouter pigeons. There is a great range of choice; and invariably one difficulty arises—the housing problem.

Dovecotes are never, even at their largest and best, very large; and pigeons are prolific birds which enjoy domesticity, the flock increases slowly at first and gathers impetus as the young birds mature, pair off and start nesting; until the crowded apartment house and the heavy corn bill attract attention, and it becomes evident that the flock has to be thinned out somehow.

BALANCING THE CORN BILL.

I KEPT magpie pigeons at one time, and greatly enjoyed their slender beauty and pretty ways, but the question of overpopulation was troublesome, because there comes an end at last to the friends who can be induced to accept some young birds and start pigeon fancying; and the little creatures made very poor birds for table use.

Nowadays I have solved that problem by keeping a strain of the big broad-breasted Belgian pigeons, which are specially bred for table; the original flock, which the whole household knows and likes, whose habits we have observed and whose personalities and



A picturesque dovecote set amid charming surroundings.



A stately dovecote.

affairs engage our regard, go on merrily breeding from year to year, and all the year round, even in the coldest weather; the "squabs," as the young birds are called, furnish our table with excellent pigeon meat and balance the corn bill with something left over.

It is a sensible way really to run the dovecote; the squabs are taken when fully fledged just before they fly, so that they never become part of the parent flock. After about six years when the old favourites of our garden ways are slowing down a little in their squab producing, and beginning to play Darby and Joan in the sunny parts of the roof and lawns, we get some young new blood into the flock

and all starts off again brightly on the merry-go-round.

These broad-breasted handsome pigeons require plenty of room; they cannot be housed in the Lilliputian dovecotes we see at flower shows, which are often more suited to starlings or wagtails than even the most fairylike breed of fancy pigeon. My first dovecote had to have the "doorways" enlarged, as they were too narrow and caught the wings of the birds as they went in and out.

The nesting places need to be cleaned out periodically (not at all a difficult or offensive job) and the manure mellowed into a useful garden dressing; small in quantity but valuable in quality. The garden which "features" a dovecote with its pretty inhabitants must have a pond or bird-bath, for pigeons bathe daily in water. They do not roll in dust as fowls do, but go down boldly into the water and splash about like happy children; they need, also, a daily supply of fresh water to drink for each one will drink in a day two or three times as much as a fowl; they do not sip with uplifted beaks, either, but put their honest faces down into the water and swallow in hefty gulps as horses do.

They get very tame about a house, waking the unsuspecting town-guest with a scrambling of little red feet on the window sill at dawn, and distorting his urban dreams with the sharp swish of wings and a loud to-do of cooing and prancing.

People sometimes say they are bad gardeners. I cannot say I have ever had any trouble myself, but I see that they are well and regularly fed. They are certainly delightful to watch in their swift grace, in their gleaming breast colours, and in their busy important lives.

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... in the Best of All!
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£1,000 Competition; complete Sections for Women, dealing with *Sport*; *Physical Culture*, *Health and Beauty*; *Housekeeping*, *Furnishing and Home Management*; and other features too numerous to mention in this preliminary announcement

*See next week's BRITANNIA for further details
 of the "All-Star" CONTENTS of the first number*

Our Women Lawn Tennis Players

Although there is no British woman lawn tennis player capable of beating Miss Helen Wills, there are a number who together make a well-balanced team which is of great importance in winning matches.

IT is an appropriate moment, the Lawn Tennis season being in its early stages, to review the position of our women players, and the part they are likely to play in the big events ahead. There is plenty of talent in this country, probably more than in any other, although as yet we have no member of the fair sex capable of successfully challenging Miss Helen Wills or even Señorita de Alvarez.

Probably after the season Miss Heine, the South African girl, will also be placed in the category of these last two. Even if England does possess no real girl genius, unless Miss Nuthall having mastered her overhead service is going to fulfil her early promise, collectively we can boast of possessing the material from which to build an exceptionally well-balanced team. This is much better, when it comes to winning matches, than relying on one outstanding player, as America found to her cost in the Wightman Cup match last summer. English women's tennis can also boast second and third teams which are superior to those of any other country; this is because there is so little in it between our first dozen players or so.

THE WIGHTMAN CUP MATCH.

OUR Wightman Cup match with America does not take place until the second week in August; there is, therefore, ample time to train up the best possible team for this contest. Wimbledon, on the other hand, starting on June 24th, is much nearer, and barely gives our women time to reach their top form. We shall also have important matches against the South African team, which will include Miss Heine and Miss Tapscott, and the rapidly improving Frenchwoman.

MRS. GODFREE'S

ABSENCE.

IT is, indeed, unfortunate that Mrs. Godfree, the lady champion of 1924 and 1926, will be unable to play in the singles at Wimbledon. Let us hope at any rate that she will be available for the doubles and for the Wightman Cup matches later on. Mrs. Godfree is one of the

few English players able to produce her best on a big occasion, which is the hall mark of a great player. Owing to the sureness of her return, and that wonderful quality of always being in the right spot, Mrs. Godfree is in the super class among women. Few will forget her remarkable match with Señorita de Alvarez in 1926, and how she won her way to victory after the Spanish girl had been within a point of 4-1 in the final set!

SPLENDID RECORDS.

RIVIERA results are always misleading; just because a player has done well on these fickle shores, it does not follow that he or she will continue to do so later on. All the same, both Miss Nuthall and Miss Bennett had splendid records this spring with chief honours, owing to her victories



Mrs. Watson, who is probably Great Britain's best player next to Mrs. Godfree.

at Beaulieu and Monte Carlo, going to the former. Everything would seem to point to Miss Betty Nuthall

having regained a good deal of her 1927 confidence and skill. At any rate, a more successful season than last must lie before her. Many think that Miss Nuthall is the most likely player one day to defeat Miss Helen Wills owing to her speed of stroke.

A TAKING PLAYER.

BEAUTIFULLY taught and possessed of every conceivable stroke, Miss Eileen Bennett is an extremely taking player, although she has often disappointed her admirers through a lack of confidence in her matches. Undoubtedly her "mixed" partnership with Cochet, which was successfully renewed this spring, has helped her tennis enormously. Miss Bennett was at her very best in the last Wightman Cup match.



Miss Betty Nuthall, one of England's coming women players. She has been showing improved form lately.

By
F. Gordon
Lowe

Our selectors must not overlook the all-round excellence, especially in doubles, of Mrs. Covell. This clever player has been well to the fore in the Riviera tournaments; she reached her top form at Mentone by winning the singles from a strong field, and the Coupe des Nations with Rogers. The Riviera appearances of Miss Fry were not convincing; all the same, she has that asset of being able to play well when it is most wanted. Miss Fry was beaten easily by Miss Nuthall, but played Miss Boyd a very close match, and beat both Fraulein Aussem and Mrs. Covell.

THE FIRST IMPORTANT EVENT.

THE British Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth at which most of our leading women will be competing will begin on the 29th of this month, and is the first really important event of the season. Miss Goldsack, the victor last year, will be defending her title; Miss Nuthall, who won in 1927 will also be playing, likewise Miss Bennett. Betty will also defend her women's doubles title, which she holds with Mrs. Watson.

I myself think that after Mrs. Godfree, Mrs. Watson is our most reliable and best player. During the past two years she has had a remarkable tournament record, and at last has overcome a fatal weakness of being unable to give of her best at Wimbledon. Her piercing forehand drive, in addition to, being deadly in singles, makes her into a fine, if unorthodox, doubles player. In partnership with Miss Bennett, Mrs. Watson played a big part in helping to win that deciding Wightman Cup match against Miss Wills and Miss Anderson. The same may be said of her victory with Mrs. Michell over Miss Harvey and Miss Bennett in the final of the doubles at Wimbledon last summer.

Mrs. Watson started this season well by a victory over her Wimbledon partner at Hampstead. Mrs. Michell previously had won the London covered court championship, beating in the final another fine player, Mrs. Strawson. No woman has finer strokes than Mrs. Michell, at her best she is capable of any tennis achievement.

AN IMPROVED PLAYER.

LAST year's English captain, Miss Harvey, opened well by a good victory at Dulwich; the next week, however, she fell to Miss Tomblin, who, is perhaps, the most improved player of the year. Hard winter practice at Queen's in the winner's case is reaping its reward. It is a pity that, up-to-date, Miss Ridley has never shone at Wimbledon. Her splendid forehand drive was much in evidence in the final against Miss Hardie at the Gallery.

How we Won the "ASHES"

By A. P. F. Chapman

(Captain of the M.C.C. Team in Australia)

Winning four out of the five Test Matches, the M.C.C. brought back the "Ashes" with them. Their captain gives some impressions of the tour.



The victorious M.C.C. team photographed in Australia. Top row (left to right) Duckworth, Ames, Mead, Tate, Hendren; middle row, Leyland, Staples, Hammond, F. C. Toone (manager), Sutcliffe, Larwood, Freeman; sitting, Tyldesley, J. C. White, A. P. F. Chapman (captain), D. R. Jardine, Hobbs.

SITTING down to write this article in the smoking-room of the Union Club, Sydney, that most hospitable and select of Australian clubs, I can lift a somewhat tired and very illegible pen to send a few words home with regard to the most successful but very tiring cricket tour which came to an end, personally, three days ago.

"PAT" HENDREN, INTERPRETER.

LET me begin at the beginning, which seems æons ago, and take for our starting point Victoria Station on the morning of September 20th, a beautiful clear and sharp autumnal morning. A great and wonderfully keen crowd of friends and supporters, an express boat train, a few hurried "Good-byes," "Good lucks," and the tour had begun. When we arrived at Folkestone an even greater and more enthusiastic crowd thronged the platforms, wharves and landing stage. Three cheers, "Auld Lang Syne," and we were really off for the Southern Cross after surely the greatest send-off that any English cricket team has ever had. Twenty-four hours of noise, smuts, bustle and the French language with which "Patsy" Hendren dealt easily, and we joined the *Otranto* bound for Australia and our cricket destiny.

A CHEERY CROWD.

FROM now on a really cheery crowd of 17 friends got serious and settled down to a side of 17 players who represented, or seriously attempted to represent, the chosen of England selected to play cricket in every sense of the word, on and off the field.

We will pass over the first few matches played against State teams, except for a few words of deep sympathy to Sam Staples, who had to leave us at Melbourne owing to a most painful and serious illness, from which I hope fervently he has quite recovered. December found us at Brisbane (which luckily had not warmed up by then as Brisbane alone can) all fit and well, keyed up to learn of Australia's first team, about which there had been much conjecture. It meant a great deal to us as visitors, as we were entitled to pick our side last, and so to pit our wits against the Australian selectors.

Can you imagine our keenness, three days before the game, to learn whom they had chosen in the all-important

first match. I don't think you can and, wading through their side, which of course is now past history, we really realised what we were up against and frankly did not like it at all. They were strong at every point. To my mind it was, on paper, the strongest team they put in the field against us.

HAMMOND'S FEATS.

WE had our selection meeting that night and a long one it was. Finally, we gambled on four bowlers, going nap on our batting. It was a particularly rotten job leaving some men out, and breaking the news to them was worse, but one and all took it like the sportsmen the entire side were, and so we entered the field on Friday morning a thoroughly happy, optimistic side.

Thank heavens I managed to win the toss. The result you already know. Sufficient be it to say we left for Sydney a very buoyant, optimistic and contented team. The next three tests, as everyone knows, all went to England, but these three matches were to my mind a sheer triumph for Hammond, who performed perfect prodigies and whose performances will, I am sure, never be equalled. A double century at Sydney, another at Melbourne, and then a century in each innings at Adelaide. "Phenomenal" is the only word, and all was done with the quietest and most modest of methods.

MARATHON BOWLING.

OF course, all other members of the side did their fair share, notably Jack White,

whose Marathon bowling performances have already had the recognition they so richly deserve. Hobbs's and Sutcliffe's marvellous batting at Melbourne, which match, solely owing to somewhat inferior bowling, should, without doubt, have been won by Australia, Duckworth's wicket-keeping, which I think has never been surpassed, Larwood for his really splendid performances in the first three tests, and last, but by no means least, flat-footed, great-hearted and ever-grinning Maurice Tate, a bowler who has never been excelled for honest trying, and that much-abused word "guts."

JACK WHITE'S TRIUMPH.

THE Fourth Test was the most exciting and, to my mind, the best game of them all, the reason being that luck was even, and every innings of the game was fought out on the same-faced wicket. No rain came at all in the eight days of furious fighting, and with the same climatic conditions as regards the heat. It was a real thrill (with apologies to Edgar Wallace) all the way through and, during the last day, strong men blanched and fair ladies squealed (all at half price as the gate was halved). Neither, however, made any difference to White, who pulled off the triumph of his career with a magnificent haul of 8 wickets, winning the match for us.

THE LAST TEST.

NOW we come to the Last Test, when, faced with a score of 519 on the board, Australia still won by 5 wickets. All honour to them. They deserved their win, and they got it, and personally I take off my hat to Ryder and the Australian side.

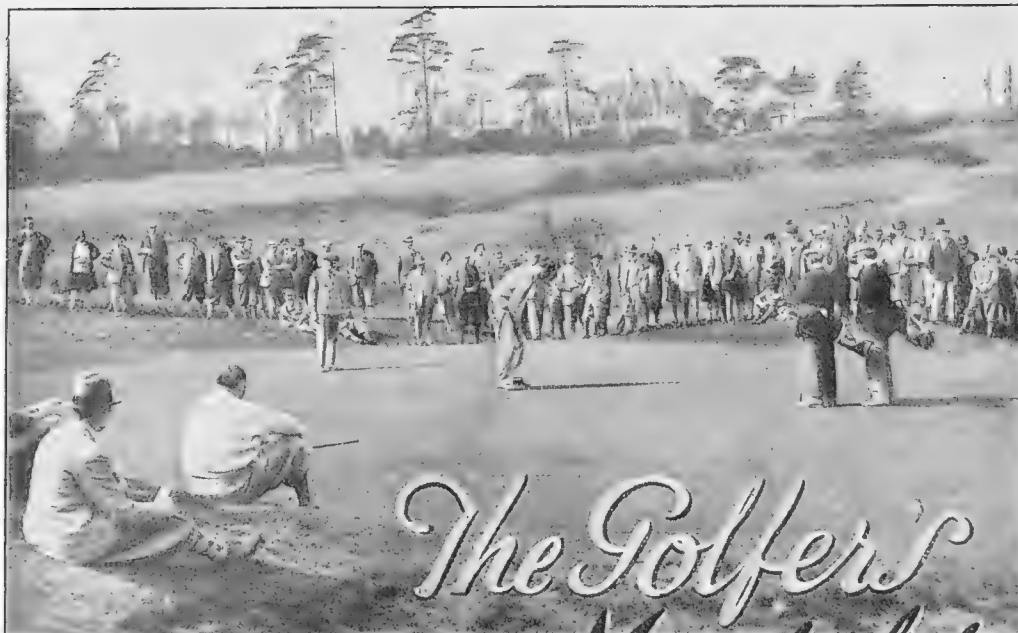
They had battled through a lean period of Australian cricket, had built up a completely new side and had never given up hope. They bowled a great deal better than anyone in Australia gave them credit for, and finally emerged triumphant. In spite, however, of this defeat, I should like to take this opportunity, shared with everyone I know in Australia, to congratulate "Surrey's idol," Jack Hobbs, for a very great performance in his last test in Australia.

So ended our tour as regards Tests amidst scenes somewhat reminiscent of the finish of the Oval test in 1926.

I don't think there is any need to say more, so I will stop by saying "Au revoir Australia. Thank you; good luck."



Good-bye to Sydney. Crowds watched the departure of the M.C.C. from their hotel after their last match in New South Wales.



The Golfer's Mentality

By GERARD FAIRLIE

Why is it that some golfers are more efficient in scoring competitions than in match play? Our contributor endeavours to solve this knotty problem.

IT is a quaint fact that many players of golf are much more efficient in scoring competitions than they are in match play competitions. There seems to be something in their mentality which enables them to do themselves full justice only when they are accompanied on the course by a marker, as opposed to a flesh and blood opponent.

I have been asked by a correspondent to explain this fact.

I have now written on golf for some considerable time, but never have I been asked a question so awkward to answer. In the first place, any conclusion I come to must of necessity be based on very slender proofs; secondly, this is the sort of phenomenon which, since it is a phenomenon, is obviously almost impossible to analyse. Frankly, I think it is the type of question which should properly be put to a mental physician rather than to a golf correspondent.

However, since it has been put to me (and I suspect the hand of an enemy to have composed the letter which contained the question!) I will endeavour to answer it to the best of my ability.

THE QUESTION OF PERSONALITY.

AT the outset I must confess that my correspondent's contention is absolutely true. Some players who fail year after year in the Amateur Championship manage to do extremely well in scoring competitions, events such as the St. George's Cup at Sandwich, in which it is extremely difficult to shine because of the strength of the field. In view of the fact that they must be fairly good at the game to be able to accomplish what they do in scoring competitions, the failure of these men in the Amateur Championship certainly seems to be very odd, and to require some form of explanation.

Now, in scoring competitions, a man certainly has a more impersonal point of view with regard to his opponent. He is, after all is said and done, just one of many opponents scattered over the field, and he is not the one and only fellow whom it is

necessary to beat in order to proceed in the competition.

In a sense, I think this makes things rather more easy for the golfer who is inclined to be temperamental; if he is playing well and easily beating the man who is competing with him and marking his card, then he has more chance of playing his normal game, since he is far from prying eyes and can

themselves off their normal game.

We all know that in order to play a shot in golf, it is necessary to keep our eye on the ball while in the act of swinging, yet we frequently fail to do so. Say we do it twice running, possibly three times. What happens? We are almost certain to try just a little too hard; we concentrate so much on this one thing that we omit other

equally important factors in the swing, with the result that our game deserts us completely for the rest of the round. And this because morally we are nonplussed.

The fault under discussion is, I maintain, precisely the same disease, and it can be written off at once under one of two headings; either loss of confidence, or over-anxiousness. For a man who cannot apparently play with a card and pencil anywhere near, one good return even in such an important event as a monthly medal would act as a mental tonic and probably mark the finish of his malady.

By my delving into records I have made a discovery. All those men whom one now considers to be card and pencil players only have, at some period of their past, been quite reasonably successful in first class match play competitions and utterly unable to do themselves justice in medal tournaments.

Therefore I now state definitely that it is my opinion that the whole question is one to do with the mental attitude of the player himself towards the game. It is quite possible that a man at present doing well in medals and failing dismally in matches might, in a year or two, be winning all his matches and never returning a score in a scoring competition. I have done my best. If my correspondent is still dissatisfied, let him take his query to Harley Street.



Ryder Cup players practise at Frinton-on-Sea. Aubrey Boomer and E. R. Whitcombe play a round with H. Collon, who is unable to join the team.

proceed steadily at his leisure and more or less in privacy. He may be told suddenly towards the end of the round that he has, say, three fours to win the event, but even then the strain will only be a short one, whereas were he opposed to the same man in a close contest by match play, the strain would be ever present throughout the eighteen holes.

But still I do not think that this can be sufficient to account for the failure of many really good golfers in match play competitions, and therefore being conscientious,

The Captain of the British Ryder Cup team, George Duncan, with Archie Compston, a member of the team, oppose two British Walker Cup players, Mr. Roger Wethered and Major C. O. Hezlet at Coombe Hill. Compston is seen butting at the sixth.

I tried another line. I looked up the records of four or five of the leading golfers of the moment.

A DISCOVERY.

A CURIOUS fact came to light, these men seem to have success in these two forms of golf in alternate years, and seldom are they outstandingly victorious in both forms of the game in the same year.

It is now my opinion that in whichever form these men are failing for the moment, they are going through a bad phase in their golf—they may be having bad luck—they may, perhaps, be suffering from a temporary inferiority complex, since golf is at least half mental. Perhaps they may have failed in an event which normally would have been at their mercy, and been beaten by a man they know to be their inferior in skill. This defeat may have rankled, not outwardly, but inwardly, which is far worse, and made them try, a little harder next time in order to redeem their reputations—try just too hard and so put

The RUGBY COUNTY

Championship

By John Orchard.

Middlesex, winners of this season's county championship, have adopted a policy of encouraging young talent with satisfactory results.

PUBLIC opinion is always liable to be outstripped by achievement. For a long time the County Championship was a none too healthy babe, at which players and public alike were prone to cock a disdainful eye, if they glanced at it at all; now it has grown into a fine young bantling with sufficient prestige and solid worth for the Championship matches to be regarded by England's selectors as unofficial trials.

In the sorry past, county secretaries (especially in the South) have on many occasions had to tout as many as fifty players in order to raise a team; players of standing were not exactly supersaturated with the county spirit, and forthwith, with one accord, they began to make excuse. Now things are better and brighter; the real Rugby spirit has entered into county Rugby, and players, be they international or junior club, compete for the honour of representing their county where formerly they had regarded the whole affair as an infernal nuisance.

WAKEFIELD'S HONOURS.

THE County Championship was first officially inaugurated in 1890, and since that time it has rarely been won by a southern and never by a purely Metropolitan team. Kent have been successful three times—in 1897, 1904 and 1927. This year's champions, Middlesex, have only once previously been in the final—in 1905, when they were beaten by Durham.



A French player is well tackled by an Englishman in the International match at Paris

From the beginning of the season it was clear that Middlesex intended to make this her season if it were humanly possible, and the different circumstances that inspired her endeavours promised to make and, in effect did make the County Championship more interesting and keenly contested than ever.

For one thing, this has been Middlesex's jubilee year; to win the championship for

the first time in their jubilee year would indeed be heroic. For another thing, that happy warrior, Wakefield, had captained every conceivable combination to victory: his school, his University, the Air Force and his country.

Of all the playing honours in Rugger only the captaincy of the Champion County remained, and it was widely felt that such an honour would be a fitting climax to what must be nearly the end of a remarkably distinguished football career. (Wakefield took over the captaincy of Middlesex from Cove-Smith in 1924-5, and he has put into his duties all the enthusiasm and attention to detail that is characteristic of him.) Last, but not least, it was the avowed policy of Middlesex to do everything possible to encourage promising young players and



England breaks away in her match against France at Colombes Stadium, Paris. The Englishmen won by 16 points to 6

bring into prominence players of junior clubs who would otherwise have little opportunity of proving their worth in first-class company. Indeed, Middlesex can be said to have achieved more than any other county in this direction.

MIDDLESEX FIND TALENT.

LET me for one moment cite a few remarkable cases in support of this claim. In Powell's absence, Middlesex suddenly produced young Key, of the Old Cranleighans, at scrum half. Everyone (so to speak) asked "Who is this Key?" "About the best scrum half in the country," replied the Middlesex selectors, indifferent to the laughter that greeted their statement. Within a week or so Key proceeded to Inverleith as England's reserve against Scotland. . . .

From the beginning of the season Middlesex have played J. S. R. Reeve on the wing. "Who is Reeve?" asked everyone. "A Cambridge undergrad," replied Middlesex. "But he hasn't got his Blue!" "Yet he is an International in the making," said Middlesex. Reeve, as everyone knows, was the outstanding success in the England team that beat France. . . .

Middlesex selected Carris to play on the wing. Certainly Carris was known as a full-back who had failed to get his Blue for Cambridge. But the portly Carris as a wing three-quarter! Laughable! But so fast and with such determination did Carris run at Exeter, Twickenham and Liverpool that he travelled with the English team as reserve three-quarter for the England v. France match on Easter Monday. . . .

SELECTION JUSTIFIED.

IN many of their matches Middlesex have played Spong. "A good club half, but no more," said the wiseacres. "The strongest and nippiest outside half in England," said Middlesex. As a result of his play in the county final Spong was capped for England in her last and most successful match.

In sober truth, none of these players would have received the honours that were their just reward had it not been for the encouragement and prominence given them through the perspicacity of their county.

A THUNDERING GOOD BEST.

OTH^{ER} instances of this splendid fathering of promising young players, irrespective of their reputed worth or the fame of their clubs, are King-Turner (probably the second best back in England), Edenborough of the Banks and Chapman of Edgware; each of these has shown himself worthy of further trial. All the more do I stress this virtue of stimulating young players because some folks unkindly refer to the Middlesex XV as "the League of Nations," since English, Irish and Welsh Internationals have figured in their team.

Wakefield, Cove-Smith, George Stephenson, Colin Laird, Cagney, Ted Morel, King-Turner and Prescott have all given of their best, and a thundering good best it has been.

Rugby football is richer for the fact that county football in the South has never been so healthy as it is now, and because it is built on the right principles this new prosperity is certain to be a lasting one.

Finance & City Section

YOU and your MONEY

By A. G. Walsh

AS many of you may recall, during November and December I expressed my faith in the future of our railways, by recommending, as a speculation, purchases of their junior stocks, particularly London and North-Eastern preferred ordinary and deferred when practically at their most depressed quotations. Those who followed my advice have no cause for dissatisfaction.

That it only requires a decided improvement in the traffic position to revive public interest in home rails is abundantly evident from the change of sentiment now taking place in the market. Only a couple of months ago few investors would risk their money in railway stocks; now I am told that brokers are receiving inquiries in this strain: "What do you think of home rails as a lock-up for future appreciation?" And prices, mark you, are appreciably higher.

BETTERMENT IN RAILWAY EARNINGS.

THERE are investors who will not buy any security, no matter how speculative it may be, until some favourable development arises to justify a purchase. No probabilities for them; only solid grounds. A cautious and proper attitude, I admit.

The incentive to buy home rails now is the improvement in the traffic position. Whether it will be maintained I am not prepared to predict; but the influences are favourable. Traffic receipts are certainly encouraging, a feature of the quarter's figures being the general increase in coal and coke traffic. On top of this is the substantial increase in passenger takings, an indication that motor coach competition is not quite so serious a problem as many people imagine.

But there is still a dark patch on the picture, and that is the serious decline in general merchandise traffic over the four main line systems. In view of reports of improving trade in many districts this is a little difficult to understand; but I am disposed to accept the view held in some quarters that the falling off in goods freights is a temporary phase.

RISE IN PRICES TOO RAPID.

REVERTING to the question of purchases of home railway stocks: When I first directed attention to their comparative cheapness market values were much lower all round. The rise in quotations that commenced a fortnight ago undoubtedly

was initiated by the greatly increased passenger receipts, and these, I am inclined to think, were helped largely by the good weather.

Non-holiday figures are the real basis of comparison, and the testing period will be the returns of the next three or four weeks. If these do not reveal any marked increase in passenger receipts and an improvement in general merchandise traffic, it is quite conceivable that the upward movement in quotations may receive a temporary check.

Frankly, I consider that the rise in the market values of some stocks has been too rapid to last. Prudent investors will not buy a stock on top of rapid appreciation in the price, unless there is full justification for it. Take London and North Eastern stocks, for example: Three weeks ago the preferred ordinary was quoted around 24; immediately after the holidays it changed hands above 31. A rise of £7 on an outlay of £24 represents a profit of nearly 30 per cent. No security can stand this merely on the offchance of some favourable influences

continuing.

The extent of that appreciation was due probably to the fact that the demand for such a low-priced stock was greater than the supply of the moment. I feel confident that if traffics continue to improve the prices of both the preferred ordinary and the deferred stocks will go much higher, but if the betterment is to be maintained it will have to come about gradually. Incidentally, the price of the deferred stock has risen from 11 to 14 within three weeks.

A healthy reaction after so rapid an advance would do the market good, and a gradual improvement thereafter would make for more stability in quotations.

Intending investors would do well to defer purchases and await an opportunity of getting in on a cheaper basis on any setback.

My idea of attractive purchasing levels would be: Great Western ordinary stock around 81; L.M.S. ordinary 53; Southern deferred 32; London and North-Eastern

preferred ordinary 28 and deferred about 12.

THE CUNARD'S EXPENDITURE.

LIKE the railways, the passenger-carrying steamship lines have their troubles. The decline in the Cunard's net profit this time by fully £100,000, needless to say, gave rise to a good deal of disappointment when the figures were announced the other

week. In fact, they confounded the market prophets, who earlier in the year had been expecting something better and an increase in the dividend. What they left out of their calculation was "extraordinary expenditure."

At the annual meeting last week Sir Thomas Royden, the chairman of the company, explained how that expenditure fluctuates from year to year. He was referring to the incidence of the lay-up periods of some of the company's express steamers, the cost in connection with which is debited to the accounts month by month as it occurs. Not at the end of the period shareholders will note.

Thus, where the months run into a new financial year the proportion of the costs appear in the accounts appertaining to that financial year. Where the months all occur in one particular year it is that year's expenditure which bears the whole burden.

Occasionally, the expenditure falls more heavily on one year than another, as apparently it did during 1928. The net profits in 1927 were comparatively high, but in that year there was no charge for the *Aquitania* overhaul, as it so happened it was charged in the 1926 accounts; but, as regards last year, all the express steamers' overhauls took place at the beginning of the year, while the *Mauretania* came in again in December, so that a large part of her cost for a second time was charged to 1928.

As so much overhaul work was done during 1928, it seems reasonable to anticipate that the burden falling on this year's accounts will be lessened. One might deduce from this that if the trading is maintained better final results will be shown. But, as freights are so uncertain in their fluctuations and first class passenger traffic shows no tendency to increase, it is dangerous to enter into the realm of prophecy in connection with the fortunes of shipping. If, however, I were a holder of Cunard ordinary shares I should hesitate to sell them around the current price of 26s. 6d.

REPARATIONS AND INDUSTRY.

SOME people are prone to blame the Spolicy of the Government for the indus-



Brig.-General the Hon. Everard Baring, who is chairman of the Railway Companies' Association which is about to inaugurate a campaign to attract tourists to Great Britain.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to enquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

trial depression, and particularly for the parlous condition in which the coal trade finds itself. According to Mr. Edmund Hann, acting chairman of the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Company, one of the largest colliery-owning concerns in the country, our industries are being throttled by the arrangements for paying German reparations in kind. He gave some illuminating statistics showing how reparations have gravely injured the coal industry of this country.

It has now become apparent—too late, I fear—that the effect of compelling Germany to pay the war indemnity largely in kind was to increase that country's industrial efficiency to the detriment of Britain's industry. Nowhere has this been more noticeable than in the coal industry since German reparations coal has invaded markets which formerly drew the bulk of their supplies from South Wales.

Italy provides a striking example of what has happened. In 1913 Italy imported nearly eleven million tons of coal, of which 9,600,000 tons were British, South Wales's share being 5½ million. Now, in 1927 Italy's coal imports rose to 14 million tons; but only 6,800,000 tons were British, South Wales supplying 3,200,000 tons of that amount.

Here we see a most serious falling off in the demand for British coal. Why? Because the import of German coal into Italy in 1927 was 4,100,000 tons as against only 950,000 tons in 1913. In other words, on account of the reparations arrangements, Italy in 1927 had to take 3,000,000 additional tons of German coal and about three million tons less of British coal.

Last year the exports of coal from this country were fully 23 million tons below the quantity exported in the year 1913. Of course, the allied countries, if they want their share of the war indemnity, have to accept their quota of German coal. And the British coal industry is the loser.

LEVER PREFERENCE SHARES.

THE issue of the annual accounts of Lever Brothers, of Port Sunlight fame, affords an opportunity of looking into the merits of the company's 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. preference shares as permanent investments. I propose to show the margin of the year's profit behind the dividend on each class of share.

The net profit for the past year, after charging debenture interest, is returned at £5,274,075. The first charge upon this is the dividend service of the 7 per cent. preference shares, then the service of the 8 per cent. preference, next the fixed dividends on the preferred ordinary shares, and, last of all, the dividends on the ordinary shares, which are privately held. Accordingly, the profit is distributed in the following manner:—

Net profit	£5,274,075
7 per cent. pref. div.	2,140,356
Margin behind same	3,133,719
8 per cent. pref. div.	1,240,414
Margin	1,893,305
Divs. on pref. ord.	1,514,760
	378,545
Ord. div. 5 per cent.	120,000
Margin	258,545
To reserve fund	200,000
Residue, 1928	58,545
Brought forward	101,795
Carried forward	160,340

The issued capital of Lever Brothers is £56,627,546. Of this £30½ million consists of 7 per cent preference shares and £15½ million the 8 per cents.

DIVIDENDS WELL COVERED.

You will note that the latest profit is ample enough to pay the dividend on the 7 per cent. first preference shares two and a half times over, while the dividend on the 8 per cent. preference is covered fully twice over. On the other hand, the margin behind the dividends on the 20 per cent. preferred ordinary shares (of which there are three issues) is somewhat slender. That, of course, explains the comparatively high yields these preferred ordinary shares afford.

There is such a substantial margin of profit behind the 7 per cent. preference dividend that I have no hesitation in recommending that particular class of share as a good high-yielding investment for anyone prepared to accept the usual commercial risk of the great enterprise encountering at some time or other an exceptionally difficult year.

Nothing at the moment in the outlook indicates such an adverse happening is likely to occur; but it is only right that investors should be reminded of the commercial risks to which any industry is liable. But with a well-established undertaking such as Lever Brothers I am inclined to make light of unfavourable contingencies and to consider favourable possibilities as the more likely to occur.

LIMITING OIL PRODUCTION.

SO America's Anti-Trust Law has scotched the plan to curtail oil production in the United States in order to bring about more economic prices. I feel sure, however, that it is not the desire of the Government authorities at Washington to prevent the conservation of oil supplies. On the contrary, there was an official

investigation two or three years ago to determine what steps should be taken to conserve the oil in the United States.

The proposal of the American Petroleum Institute clearly put the authorities in a dilemma.

To give official recognition to a scheme, which aims at control of the production of an essential commodity in violation of the Anti-Trust Act, not only would put them in an invidious position, but would create a dangerous precedent.

While there can be, of course, no general agreement, with power to compel all oil producers to curtail output, there is nothing to prevent any individual oil company or group of producers from reducing operations voluntarily.

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FINANCE AND CITY SECTION—(continued.)

Nitrate Industry's Improved Prospects

*How Government Action Averted a Crisis
and Stimulated Demand for the Product.*

HAS too much been made of the betterment in the economic condition of the Chilean nitrate industry? While this view prevails in certain quarters in the City, the fact that the Lautaro Nitrate Company has decided to increase its share capital by a further £1,440,000 to £8,000,000 may be taken as an indication that the producers themselves now feel assured of the continuity of the more favourable producing conditions.

The late troubles of the industry arose mainly from the failure to recognise the rapidly increasing competition offered by synthetic nitrogen, and the impossibility, in face of that factor, of maintaining artificially high prices. As the production of German synthetic nitrogen grew, its price was reduced; so much so that at one time there was a difference of £8 per ton against Chilean nitrate.

Naturally, to agriculturalists, especially in Continental countries impoverished by the effects of the war, that difference meant a good deal. And they showed a preference for the synthetic article.

GOVERNMENT AID.

AS was only to be expected a crisis threatened to develop in the Chilean industry by the end of 1927. Prices, as the result of free selling, dropped to a point where only the low cost producers could make any profit. An agitation arose for the abolition, or at least a reduction, of the Chilean export duty of £2 10s. per ton.

Something had to be done. Both the government and the producers boldly faced the facts of the situation. An entirely new system of selling nitrate was evolved in April of last year. The Chilean Government announced that there would be no reduction of the export duty before June, 1929.

Instead, the government fixed a selling price for nitrate in all markets, which would meet adequately the competition of synthetic nitrogen, at the same time guaranteeing nitrate producers against any price-cutting on the part of the synthetic combine. In brief, the Chilean nitrate industry is subsidised, where it has to encounter competition, out of the proceeds of the export tax.

COMPANIES TO SHOW BETTER RESULTS.

THE nitrate year runs from July to the following June, and, since the commencement of the current year last July, there has been a distinct improvement in the position of the industry from the producer's standpoint. It would be too early, for holders of nitrate shares, to look for beneficial results all round. Some undertakings will first have to make good the losses sustained during the lean period before their shareholders can be considered.

I have good reason to believe, however, that the Lautaro Company will increase its next dividend, and I am hopeful that the

same policy will be followed by the Tarapaca and Tocopilla, the New Tamarugal and the Angela companies.

Better results may also be expected from the following companies:—Rosario, Alianza, Liverpool, Salar del Carmen and Pan de Azucar. The British and South Pacific Trading Company, which has widespread nitrate interests, particularly on the distributive side, probably also has had a considerably better year.

BETTER OUTLOOK.

THE annual accounts of the foregoing companies, if they come up to the expectations expressed, should inspire sufficient interest in nitrate shares to bring about a general improvement in quotations. For a long time the nitrate group has been the Cinderella of the market; but it is reasonable to anticipate that with the assistance now forthcoming from the Chilean Government, the nitrate producing companies will regain a good part of their former prosperity.

While a larger consumption of the fertiliser would go a long way to compensate for the reduction in selling prices, an important factor is the cost of production and the adaptation of new methods of production to cheapen costs.

I understand that the Guggenheim process is the cheapest and most efficient method of extraction yet discovered. It is reported that the Lautaro Nitrate Company is considering the introduction of that process into its operations—a step that is not without significance seeing that the company is the largest British undertaking in the nitrate industry.

MORE NITRATE CONSUMED.

NITRATE prices for the new season have not yet been fixed, but no marked change is anticipated. If anything, they may be slightly lower. If so, consumption should be stimulated thereby. Since the Chilean government came to the aid of the industry there has been less anxiety concerning the competition of synthetic nitrogen.

Last year's production of Chilean nitrate exceeded 31 million metric quintals. It was the largest output of the past quarter of a century. The previous best figure was 30 million quintals in 1917, when nitrate was in demand for war purposes.

In contrast, the two leanest years were 1922, when the total production was just under 11 million metric quintals, and 1927, when the figure was about 16 million. The past year's consumption of nitrate was 26 million metric quintals, and nearly up to the best war-time level. The fact that the consumption of Chilean nitrate increased so much last year (by nearly 8 million metric quintals) seems to indicate that, where prices are much the same, there is a decided preference in favour of the Chilean product.

A. G. WALSH.

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